

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE lecture of Mr. Charles Francis Adams before the Historical Society of New York, or, rather, the essay read by him before that Society, on "American Neutrality," is a valuable monograph, illustrating how American ideas have reacted on the world in the interests of humanity and civilization. The United States, in its infancy, strenuously, and not unfrequently to the sacrifice of its immediate interests and natural friendships, insisted on "the right of every independent State to remain at peace while other States are engaged in war"—in other words, that belligerents shall not dictate to a third State that it shall side with one or the other, and consent to be dragged into disputes in which it has no concern. No

student of American history is unaware of the fact that both England and France sought to embroil us in their long and bloody contests, nor yet of the fact that a war with both was the price we were obliged to pay for the great principle which we have succeeded in interpolating in the unwritten law of nations.

We are glad to find these special and signal services of the United States properly elucidated, one by one, not so much as a gratification to our honorable pride, as to inform the world that The Mission of America has been a grand one, and, on the whole, nobly discharged.

It was the infant United States that initiated the resistance to Barbary piracy, to which Europe for centuries paid tribute—which sent

Decatur and Eaton to fight out in Africa the right of free passage through the Mediterranean.

It was the United States that, in the end, vindicated the individuality of man, and his right of self-expatriation.

It was the United States that, at no inconsiderable sacrifice, destroyed paper blockades.

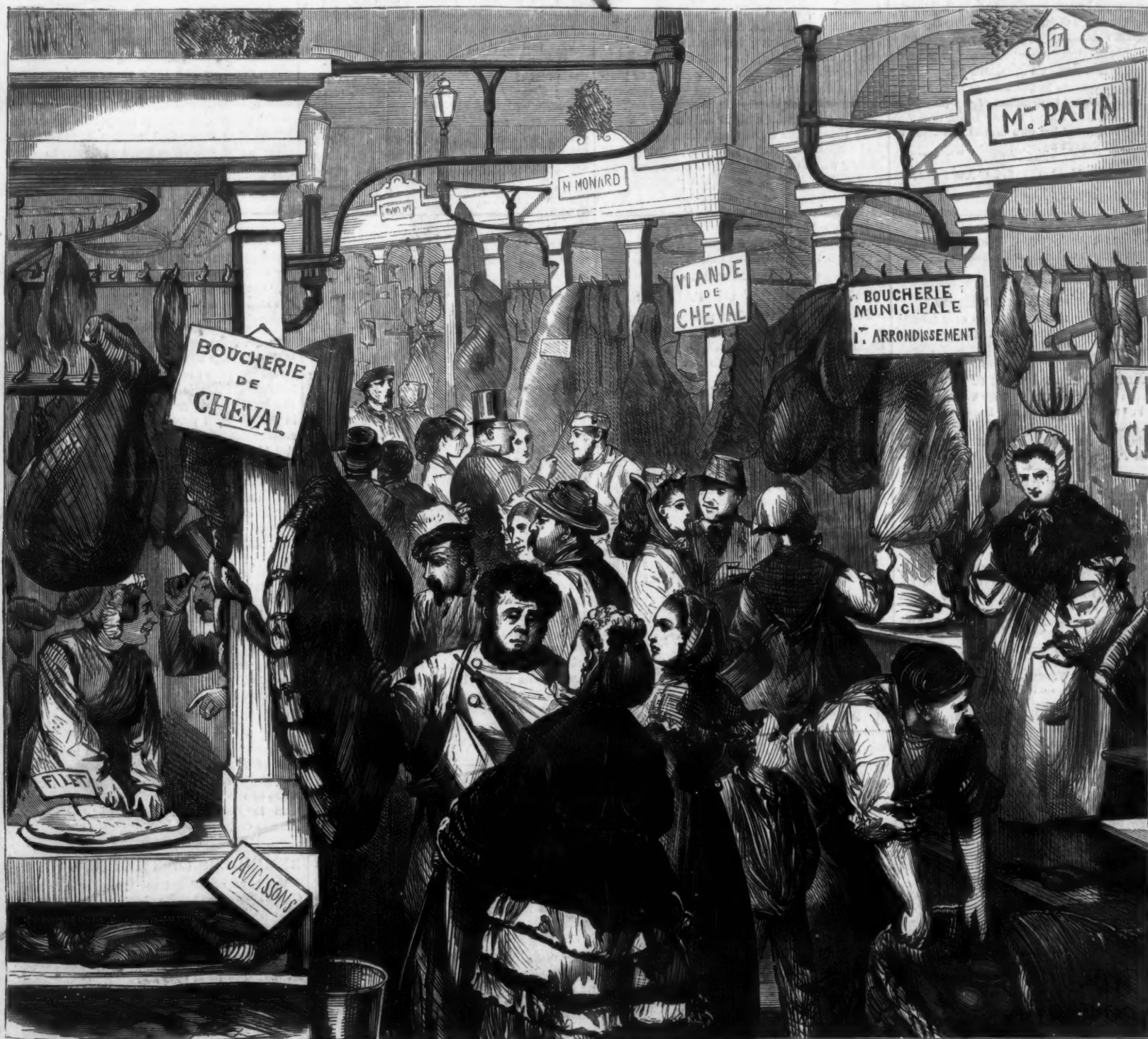
It was the United States that opened the Sound and the Sheldt, and eradicated the hoary "robber rights" that embarrassed the commerce of the world in the North Sea.

It was the United States that negated the pretense that a State may escape the responsibility of acts done in its name by a *de facto* government, whether usurping or imposed.

We might multiply the examples of what the

United States, in less than a century, has achieved for the world; and only make these allusions in the hope that men will not be wanting to make each great amelioration our country has wholly or in part secured, the subject of a monograph as elaborate and exhaustive as that of Mr. Adams on "American Neutrality." This is due to our national reputation, as equally for the instruction of the "rising generation."

Another matter may also justly form the subject of a discourse of special interest—we mean that generally and somewhat vaguely denominated the "Monroe Doctrine." How it has been supported, directly or indirectly, is a chapter in our history that deserves to be put on record.



INSIDE PARIS.—THE HORSE-FLESH MARKET IN THE HALLES CENTRALES.—SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.—SEE PAGE 263.

HOLIDAY WEEK.

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FRANK LESLIE,
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537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Nothing is more incomprehensible and ludicrous to Americans than the speculations of European publicists as to the attitude, real and probable, of the United States toward the actual and prospective belligerents in Europe. When we read that President Grant is going to send the American fleet to assist Russia to force the passage of the Dardanelles, we can only look at each other in blank astonishment. It is true that the American Government recognized the independence of Hungary with a haste a little less indecent than that shown in regard to the present so-called French Republic. But between such fantastic demonstrations and an actual armed intervention in European affairs, the distinction is as wide as the ocean. Of course, as reasonable beings and impartial spectators, we know that the Turk must, sooner or later, leave Europe—in our opinion, the sooner the better. Not that we hate Turkey or love Russia, but because we see the existence of an anomaly in European affairs inconsistent with peace and that prosperity which, in our own interest, if for no nobler reason, we wish to have the whole world enjoy. Probably there is no delusion more widespread and more absurd than that the United States and Russia are bound together by some unknown but close tie of sympathy, interest, or policy. If we have shown anything to justify this delusion, it has been because Russia has never lent herself to any scheme or measure designed to cripple our power or hamper our destiny—and this is something that can hardly be said of any other great European State. But, after all, that has not created anything beyond a mere negative regard, such as might be felt toward a neighbor who never broke down our fences, or plotted to steal our chickens. We know perfectly well that Russia is only a half-civilized nation; that the rule of the Czar is only a little better than that of the Sultan, and that both—Czar and Sultan—ought to give way, as they ultimately will, to something more consonant with that undefined thing called the "spirit of the age." When or how that happy result may come about we do not undertake to say, but of this the world may be assured, it will not be through any intervention, direct or indirect, on the part of the United States.

OUR "STREET OF PALACES."

It is said of an ancient monarch, in proof of his imperial taste and power, that he found Rome a collection of edifices, neither durable nor ornamental, and that he left for his successors a city of marble, and with structures more consonant with its illustrious and "eternal" character—some remains of which are seen in the Rome of the present time.

The New Yorker, absent for not very many years, may, on returning from foreign lands, find some portions of his favorite city transformed in manner almost equally remarkable, through the combined efforts of our merchant princes and wealthy landlords.

Broadway, the great street of the American Commercial Metropolis, for instance, has undergone—is now undergoing—changes quite as remarkable as anything ever seen in the old capital of the Roman world, or in the imperial cities of modern days. If it could only widen its roadways as it has improved in other respects, to accommodate more fully its immensely increasing trade and travel, our "street of palaces" would be every way peerless among metropolitan avenues.

Broadway has indeed been "improved" wonderfully. Its progress is typical of our national advancement. Talk of rebuilding! Why, it has already been rebuilt more than once since that "good old time"—some sixty whole years ago!—when our venerable Knickerbocker ancestors faced the rear of the City Hall with brown sandstone, because their economical spirit actually deemed it ridiculous to use costly marble on that side of an edifice which they supposed "few people would, for long ages, go above or behind" in its comparatively "up-town" location—especially as the plain, dark side of the structure was originally measurably concealed by the high and ugly board fence then inclosing the "Corporation Yard," as that part of the little "Park" was termed, wherein broken lamp-posts, shattered fire-engines, dilapidated town pumps, and other municipal trumpery, were savingly preserved in those primitive days.

As "modern improvements," in stores as well as dwellings, render yard-room less necessary, buildings for business purposes are now generally constructed so as to occupy nearly every foot of ground in the "lot," excepting

only where small recesses are required for light and ventilation in the rear offices on all the floors. The plain brick or wooden two or three-story buildings, of which Broadway was chiefly composed forty years ago, gave place to edifices a story higher, with some improvements internally, and very moderate external embellishments. These, in turn, after a few years, were pulled down, to give place to houses of a newer fashion. Many of these improved structures, deemed almost palatial when first erected, were soon after demolished, to make way for edifices of nobler character—better fitted, by improved arrangements and increased elevation, as well as in cellars, subcellars and underground "safes," for promoting the convenience of larger numbers of occupants, and securing much larger rental. Although many of the less enterprising class thought the destruction of former edifices was a sort of reckless extravagance, the change "paid well"—in more senses than one—paying the tenants by giving them stores and offices much better lighted and ventilated than formerly; better supplied with gas and water; more cheerful and convenient; every way better suited to the health, comfort and business of the occupants, besides paying more largely to the landlords.

Yet, even this latter class of structures is now, and has been for some time, giving way before the spirit of progress. The style now prevailing is still more elevated, at least in upward dimensions—reaching six or seven, ay, and sometimes even eight stories, with Mansard roofs. The newest structures are chiefly fronted with marble or with iron—the latter predominating now—both materials being artistically embellished in a manner that forms broad contrast to the generality of what were considered "first-class" in recent years. The iron-fronts are rapidly increasing in numbers—some of them requiring a thousand or fifteen hundred tons of metal—Stewart's up-town store, for his retail business, as an instance, probably using up at least three thousand tons for its fronts on four streets.

The introduction of Iron Architecture is a great feature in the new business structures of the present time. Beautiful forms are now being cheaply cast, instead of chiseled—and the variety and elegance of the castings enable our builders to complete their structures quickly and beautifully, in a way that would be utterly beyond their power, except at enormous expense and with great delay, if marble or any kind of stone were embellished instead of iron. Nor is the advantage of iron confined to the externals. The use of it for sleepers and other fixtures internally enables the constructors to render the structures nearer (if not wholly) fire-proof—while incidentally giving powerful impulse to the development of our iron interests, as the examples furnished so prominently in Broadway are inducing many people in other places to adorn their new buildings with such beautiful fronts as greet the traveler in passing through the great highway of the Commercial Metropolis—now becoming almost literally a "street of palaces" for our merchant princes.

The effect of these improvements will be felt far beyond the city of New York. It is worth much more than the time and expense of travel, for people who are intending to build large edifices for trade and for offices in other cities and towns, to come and examine carefully the admirable specimens of modern business architecture presented in multitudinous forms along Broadway—internally as well as externally—in the subterranean arrangements as well as through all the stories. And it is quite as much for the benefit of our readers elsewhere through the Union, as it is for glorifying the Great Street or for eulogizing the good taste and enterprise of New York builders and landlords, that the above-mentioned matters are submitted for consideration. The lessons which Broadway affords in the improved architecture of business edifices—though rarely or never publicly mentioned—are among its distinguishing features—worthy of careful study and widespread emulation.

The term "self-made men" is a misnomer. It has never fallen to our lot to know but one such hybrid. He sawed wood for a living; lived several miles out at sea, in a lighthouse; and, when he got any money, bought Latin and Greek grammars and text-books, and educated himself sufficiently to enter college. He might be entitled to the appellation, if any one was; but had you perchance seen him, you would never have imagined that he was made in any sense of the expression. Men are the result of mingled natural abilities and the force of circumstances. It is the merest prattle to assert that men can become great if they desire; in fact, those men who become great most often had little if any ambition for renown, and events made them, not they the events. The most that a man can do is to fit himself to fill any gap that circumstances may happen to create. For this, a natural good sense and judgment is the grand

primal necessity, and upon this a more or less complete education is to be superadded. Look around the country at the so-called great men, and you will find these to be the prevailing characteristics of them all.

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM has accepted the title of Kaiser Deutschlands, or Emperor of Germany. The late Constitution of North Germany, now accepted in substance by the South German States for the new "Confederated Germany," was drawn up in 1867, and adopted by a popular parliament elected by universal suffrage. By a census taken in that year, the area and population of the whole North German Confederation were as follows:

	English square miles.	Population.
Prussia.....	135,806	24,043,296
Saxony.....	5,779	2,423,401
Twenty smaller States.....	18,062	3,443,089
Total.....	160,247	29,910,377

The new States now added to the Union at the same time contained:

	English square miles.	Population.
Bavaria.....	29,373	4,924,421
Wurtemberg.....	7,532	1,778,479
Baden.....	5,912	1,434,970
Hesse-Darmstadt (South).....	1,690	565,659
Lichtenstein.....	62	7,994
Total.....	44,569	8,611,523

So that the revived German Empire enters history with an area of 204,816 square miles; and its population, which was 38,521,900 in 1867, may now be safely reckoned at forty millions. Its area is thus more than four-fifths of that of the State of Texas, and its population a little greater than that of the whole United States.

THAT "The End" is rapidly approaching in France is clear enough. On the very first assemblage of the French army, the elements of failure were apparent. The officers were more devoted to their own comfort than thoughtful about the issue of the gigantic contest which had just commenced. Gossip about court intrigue, speculations about personal advancement, engrossed all their conversations, to the exclusion of such practical topics as the movements of the Prussians, or the Emperor's plan of the campaign. As for the generals, far from imitating the leaders of the revolutionary armies, and setting a good example to their juniors, they conducted themselves as if they had been making war under Louis Quatorze. "Some of the generals," says the Count de la Chapelle, "were followed by the whole of their family—wives, daughters, babies and nurses. Some others were conspicuous by the luxury and importance of their equipage." No wonder that the veteran Changarnier, on his arrival, uttered the terse and prophetic rebuke: "Ce n'est pas comme cela qu'on fait la guerre."

In a recent article we had occasion to remark that the Isthmus of Panama lacked that prime requisite to adequate and permanent interoceanic communication, namely, good ports. The last advices from the Isthmus tell us that in the so-called port of Colon (Aspinwall), December 3d, the American schooners Scudder and Ida were lost. A sailor was washed overboard from the schooner Isabella and drowned. The steamer Henry Chauncey, from New York, made three ineffectual attempts to get into the harbor, and at last went to sea to escape the fury of the storm. Several other steamers were obliged to put to sea for safety.

A REV. MR. TYRMAN has written a life of the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, in which he claims that "Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ." He supports his assertion by an imposing array of statistics. He nevertheless says of Wesley's unsuccessful courtship of Sophy Hopkey in Georgia that it was "painfully ludicrous."

ANOTHER eminent artist has fallen in the service of France. This is M. Otto Weber, the animal painter. He was slain fighting in the ranks of the Parisian Gardes Mobiles. He was born in Berlin, and was a pupil of Mons. Thomas Couture.

REMINDERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

We have occasional reminders of our late civil war, but, as regards the average affairs of life, that "unpleasantness" is no longer anything more than a somewhat remote historical fact.

Lately a reminder came to us from a Southern officer, in the shape of a file of the *Southern Illustrated News*, published in Richmond, for the years 1862, 1863 and 1864. The "illustrations" are mainly portraits of distinguished Confederate officers, who, in the archaic engravings, have a singularly truculent and bloodthirsty appearance.

Another reminder is a file of the *Southern Punch*, about which we do not care to say much (on the principle of *nil nisi*, etc.), but which, with the *Southern Illustrated News*, has gone to the Historical Society of New York, as

a not inapt illustration of how things were done "here and there."

Among other papers, however, are a few things which may help illustrate the history of six years ago. Now, who is Dr. Von Groning? He was a Consul of Italy, it seems, and utilized his position. If he should be "about" in these days, President Grant might take an interest in his *exequatur*. The little document relating to him is as follows:

"D. Von Groning, Consul for Italy in Virginia and North Carolina, desires a passport out of the Confederate States. He has contracted to furnish shoes for the army."

"A. C. MYERS."

Whether Von Groning got out, or the shoes got in, nowhere appears in history.

Our old friend, Mr. Mallory, sometime Senator of the United States from Florida, and whilom "Secretary of the Navy" of the Southern Confederacy, appears in support of Mrs. Slater, who seems to have had some good friends north of Washington:

"Hon. Sec. of War—DR. SIR: Mrs. Jno. Slater, of Balt. desires to return, and wants a pass to Manchester, whence she expects to pass. She is an agent to procure us certain nautical instruments, which have come from N. Y. as far as Balt. Can she get a pass?"

"S. R. M."

Mr. Foster got a pass to visit Powhatan and return, on pledging his "honor not to communicate in writing or verbally, for publication, any fact ascertained." This did not prevent Mr. Foster from keeping his eyes and ears open, and we find endorsed on the back of his pass a brief but significant note, dated October 15, 1861:

"Evansport, on the Potomac River.—Lincoln's fleet, 7 vessels and 4,000 men—mostly Marines in the old Federal Army.—Seven ships, half-past one o'clock, withdrew a few minutes ago from the attack. Whole plan of the campaign known and divulged to the President by J. B. Jones."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—Distributing Sheep to the Bavarian Troops before Sedan.

For several weeks the Bavarian troops stationed about Sedan suffered greatly from a lack of fresh meat. A party of Uhlans was sent out to forage on the French inhabitants, and, on returning to the camp with a large herd of sheep, they were received with demonstrations of joy by the soldiers. A distribution of the spoils was immediately made, and the troops manifested much satisfaction at the liberal amount of meat thus obtained.

Inside Paris.—Le Dernier Coq—Assailing Milk-Wagons—Auction Sale in the Fish Market—Flour Stores in the Halles Centrales.

Beef and mutton have long been rationed by the Provisional Government at Paris, at a comparatively reasonable tariff; but poultry has sold for enormous prices. An old lady, bent on making the most of her poultry, proclaimed a rooster bird, at the Pont Neuf, estimated at about eight years of age, to be the last rooster in Paris, and demanded twenty-five francs for him.

Milk also has been rare during the siege, and no sooner do the carts arrive from the Bois de Boulogne than crowds of thirsty souls surround them, struggling to obtain, at any price, a small quantity of this grateful fluid.

In the Fish Market the supply is so limited that the fishes caught are usually sold by auction to the highest bidder. The *poissonier* paces before the desk, exposing the fishes upon a platter, while a man with a husky voice calls for bids. The excitement is frequently intense.

In the Halles Centrales, the principal market of Paris, large quantities of flour are stored. As orders come in from the inhabitants, the flour is weighed and removed by draymen, under the supervision of officers of the Government.

France.—Refreshment Stands Outside the Mairie, Versailles.

The large number of Prussian troops encamped in the vicinity of Versailles has offered an opportunity to the *bourgeois* to eke out a living by selling articles of food and drink. Rude stands are erected at points where the soldiers usually congregate, and on these are placed fish, vegetables, bread, soup, French wines and cheap liquors. The Prussians patronize these stands quite liberally, and the benefits are mutual. The time of the first snow was an appropriate season for steaming soup, and the group represented before the Mairie seem likely to dispose of the entire supply in a very short time.

BOOK NOTICES.

OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA. By THOMAS W. KNOX. American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

This interesting volume contains, as its title-page informs us, "Pictures of Siberian, Chinese and Tartar life," and these regions constitute a ground so rarely trodden by the literary traveler, that the reading public will cordially welcome one of the few—we believe he is only the second explorer of them—who has published his reminiscences in book-fashion.

The journey which Colonel Knox offers us was undertaken partly as a pleasure-trip, and partly in the interest of the company that attempted to carry out the plans of Major Collins for an electric connection between Europe and the United States by way of Asia. The author, however, states that his official duties during this expedition were so few, and his pleasures so numerous, that the journey has left him little or nothing but the kindest recollections of those who were connected with the enterprise. Nor is it astonishing that this should be so. It must be obvious to every reader of this volume that Colonel Knox is of the stuff of which travelers ought to be made—that he writes with a free, genial and happy temperament, keen powers of observation, no small share of the philosophical temper which weighs novelty fairly and justly, and that he possesses a ready and facile pen which photographs—we know no other word in the

language which can do it justice—the impressions he has received and the facts which come under his notice.

His first chapter is more properly a merely introductory one. In the second, however, we find him on the way to Kamchatka—we see no reason why we should not follow Colonel Knox's mode of spelling Russian names—and in the third, his journey is really commenced. He has entered Avatcha Bay. After discussing the usual "fifteen drops" in the houses he visited in Petropavlovsk, we will take a brief description of the Port of Saints Peter and Paul:

"Take a log village in the backwoods of Michigan or Minnesota, and transport it to a quiet spot by a well-sheltered harbor of Lilliputian size. Cover the roofs of some buildings with iron, shingles or boards from other regions. Cover the balance with thatch of long grass, and erect chimneys that just peer above the ridge poles. Scatter these buildings on a hillside next the water; arrange three-fourths of them in a single street, and leave the rest to drop wherever they like. Of course those in the highly-plighted position must be of the poorest class, but you can make a few exceptions. Whitewash the inner walls of half the buildings, and use paper or cloth to hide the nakedness of the other half."

"This will make a fair counterfeit of Petropavlovsk. Inside each house place a brick stove or oven, four or five feet square and six feet high. Locate this stove to present a side to each of two or three rooms. In each side make an aperture two inches square that can be opened or closed at will. The amount of heat to warm the rooms is regulated by means of the apertures."

"Furnish the houses with plain chairs, tables, and an occasional but rare piano. Make the doors very low and the entries narrow. Put a picture of a saint in the principal room of every house, and adorn the walls with a few engravings. Make a garden near each house, and let a few miscellaneous gardens cling to the hillside and strive to climb it. Don't forget to build a church, or you will fail to represent a Russian town."

"Petropavlovsk has no vehicle of any kind except a single hand cart. Consequently the street is not gashed with wheel ruts."

The above passage may be taken as a fair, but by no means special, sample of the sharp and clear style in which the book is throughout written. The author does not attempt what we are generally accustomed to sneer at—fine writing. Indeed, we could scarcely lay our fingers upon a single passage which could fairly come under this designation. He is always clear, generally concise, invariably intelligible, entertaining or instructive. What more could be demanded from him? A very capital sketch of a provincial marriage in Asiatic Russia follows, with a not very elevated description of the first Russian pope or priest with whom he came in contact. This amiable specimen of the local clergy was taken home about midnight upon a shutter. Let us sincerely trust that Colonel Knox may have been slightly romancing in this. We have a devout faith in clerical propriety, and would ill-like to believe this of a Methodist or a Mormon. How much less should we be inclined to receive it as a fact when it touches the Orthodox Greek Church.

But it will be impossible for our author upon the whole of his most interesting travels, covering as they did Kamchatka, Siberia, part of China, Mongolia, Chinese Tartary and a large portion of European Russia. Portions of the book have already appeared in this paper and in many of our leading monthlies. These papers, which had been rewritten from a carefully kept journal, bore such an unmistakably lifelike character, that Colonel Knox was induced to publish the present volume, which must give him a wide and most agreeable reputation. His sketch of the condition of Siberia is given in a most masterly manner, and amongst other things connected with it, he mentions the following:

"I was told particularly of a wealthy gold miner whose evening of life is cheered by an ample fortune and two well-educated children. Forty years ago his master capriciously sent him to Siberia. The man found his banishment 'the best thing that could happen.'"

He continues to say that "the system of serfdom never had any practical hold in Siberia," and that at the time of emancipation, "there was but one Siberian proprietor of serfs. None of the family, with a single exception, ever attempted more than nominal exercise of authority over the peasants, and this one paid for his imprudence with his life. He attempted to put in force his full proprietary rights, and the result was his death by violence during a visit to one of his estates." It is with infinite regret that we are unable, from the space at our disposal, to give our readers the escape of Rufin Piotrowski, a Polish emigrant from Paris, who returned, and, having been detected by the Russian police, was banished to Siberia. It is as full of interest as any novel, with the additional element of fact to increase its charm. But, to tell the truth, the whole book is full of meat, good, nutritious meat, with sufficient spice in it.

As an additional recommendation to this capital volume, we may state that it is very profusely and handsomely illustrated, and is printed in a large, clear type, and upon excellent paper. The last will prove no small inducement to those book-purchasers who respect their own eyes, and have a love for their own comfort.

PLUMS FROM BOOKS.

MR. KENNAN, who was one of the surveying party for the Russo-American or Western Union Telegraph Company, and who in that character visited Kamchatka, gives the following account of a marriage ceremony among the Chookchees:

"At a given signal from the native who had let out the couple, the bride darted suddenly into the first polog, and began a rapid flight around the tent, raising the curtains between the pologs successively, and passing under. The bridegroom instantly followed in hot pursuit; but the women who were stationed in each compartment threw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully to a very susceptible part of his body as he stooped to raise them. The air was filled with drum-beats, shouts of encouragement and derision, and the sound of the heavy blows which were administered to the unlucky bridegroom by each successive detachment of women as he ran the gauntlet. It became evident at once that despite his most violent efforts he would fail to overtake the flying Atalanta before she completed the circuit of the tent. Even the golden apples of Hesperides would have availed him little against such disheartening odds; but with undimmed perseverance he pressed on, stumbling headlong over the outstretched feet of his female persecutors, and getting constantly entangled in the ample folds of the reindeer-skin curtains, which were thrown with the skill of a matador over his head and eyes. In a moment the bride had entered the last closed polog near the door, while the unfortunate bridegroom was still struggling with his accumulating misfortunes about half-way round the tent. I expected to see him relax his efforts and give up the contest when the bride disappeared, and was preparing to protest strongly in his behalf against the unfairness of the trial; but, to my surprise, he still struggled on, and with a final

plunge burst through the curtains of the last polog, and rejoined his bride. The music suddenly ceased, and the throng began to stream out of the tent. The ceremony was evidently over. Turning to Meroneir, who with a delighted grin had watched its progress, we inquired what it all meant. 'Were they married?' 'Da's,' was the affirmative reply. 'But,' we objected, 'he didn't catch her.' 'She waited for him, your honor, in the last polog, and if he caught her there, it was enough.' 'Suppose he had not caught her there, then what?' 'Then,' answered the Cosack, with an expressive shrug of commiseration, 'the *Caidnak* (poor fellow) would have had to work two more years.'

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is providing itself with a Professorship of Chinese and Japanese.

We read, in a London paper, that the electric telegraph has been put to a new use in Canada. At Malmouski, when the late earthquake came upon them, they sent to Quebec, a distance of two hundred miles, to ask, "How do you feel?" As the operator at Quebec began his reply, the shock came.

WOOLEN clothing that has been used by persons suffering from scarlet fever and other infectious diseases, if it cannot be well washed, should, by some agency or another, be exposed to heat. It is well known that a temperature of 212 deg. F., the temperature of boiling water, will destroy poison germs. Woollen clothing of all kinds, such as shawls and mantles, men's clothes, as also curtains, bell-pulls, carpets, rugs and beds, should be placed in ovens, or by some contrivance or another exposed to a heat above 212 degrees.

It is interesting to note the progress the Japanese are making in the art of printing, etc. Hitherto they have only been acquainted with the Chinese mode of printing, from engraved wooden blocks. Lately, however, they have engaged the services of an English gentleman to set up for them an establishment for type-founding, electrotyping and printing on the Western method, and to give them such instructions in these arts as will enable them afterward to carry on the business. Type-founding and electrotyping have now for the first time been introduced into Japan.

THE *Engineer* states that when the Russian American telegraph is completed the following feat will be possible: A telegram from Alaska for New York, leaving Sitka, say at 6.40 on Monday morning, would be received at Nicolae, Siberia, at six minutes past one on Tuesday morning; at St. Petersburg, Russia, at three minutes past six on Monday evening; at London twenty-two minutes past four on Monday afternoon; and at New York at forty-six minutes past eleven on Monday forenoon. Thus, allowing twenty minutes for each re-transmission, a message may start on the morning of one day, to be received and transmitted the next day, again received and sent on the afternoon of the day it starts, and finally reaches its destination on the forenoon of the first day, the whole taking place in one hour's time.

PROFESSOR WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan, has recently promulgated a new theory respecting the origin of the vegetation of the American prairies, namely, that it dates back beyond the historical epoch to the glacial period. He believes the origin of the prairies to be lacustrine; but, contrary to the generally-received opinion, he maintains that lacustrine sediments contain no living germs. Diluvial deposits, he states, on the contrary, are found everywhere replete with living germs, which, when hidden away from the influence of light and moisture, retain their vitality or power of germination for an indefinite length of time. These living germs of the diluvial deposits he believes to have been buried during the glacial period, in the course of which the surface was plowed up by glaciers, and afterward exposed to the commotion of the sea, which over-spread the land, burying everything in promiscuous ruin; but yet by this very means storing away the seeds which, when brought to the surface after the lapse of a geological age, are possessed of vitality, and able to reclothe the barren earth with verdure and beauty. Thus, in proportion as the diluvial surface became exposed, the flora of the pre-glacial epoch was reproduced. In support of this theory, he brings forward the argument that the fossil plants which have been discovered in the tertiary deposits show a correspondence of genera, and in some cases even of species, with those existing at the present time.

At a time when so much is being said about the value of fungi in general as profitable and wholesome articles of food, and also when France is being so largely overrun by foreign troops, the following notes on the truffle cultivation in the Department of the Dordogne, written a short time before the outbreak of the present war, may be of some interest. It shows the money value of these delicacies, and how profitable a business is their cultivation. The method adopted for propagating them is to sow acorns, and the best truffles are found under the resulting oak-trees; but the evergreen oak and juniper trees are also grown for the same purpose. An instance is cited of a person who inherited a piece of land worth \$40, and who thus sowed it with acorns; the truffles thereby obtained realize now as much as \$800 a year. There are many varieties easily distinguishable to those accustomed to the trade. The truffle is dearer in Périgord than in Paris, where it is mixed with an inferior quality, and therefore can be sold at a lower price. It comes to perfection about the middle of November, but large quantities are collected and sent to market in September and October. These are called "fleurs," and are without smell. It is pretended that they have not come to maturity, and that a large portion of the produce is thus spoiled. The total revenue derived from the truffle commerce amounts to \$100,000 a year in the Arrondissement of Tariat, and to about the same amount in Périgueux.

AN AMERICAN LADY MARRIED BY THE GREEK CHURCH CEREMONY.—An American lady, Miss Monroe, of Syracuse, N. Y., was lately married at the little Greek church at Geneva to a Russian gentleman. We will not wrong him to the extent of trying our skill on his name. The ceremony, to the disappointment of Americans, was not public, and only Mrs. Rensselaer T—a—d, of Albany, was invited to witness the performance, which is quite in the nature of a sacrament. There is much that is picturesque about the pagan; what with the blue velvet and silver-laced robe of the priest, the holding of the heavy silver crowns over the heads of the happy pair—for the priest takes the united hands of the two in

his, and marches with them slowly three times around his altar; all the while the groomsmen follow, holding the silver crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. These crowns are so heavy, that some of the assistants frequently come to the aid of the groomsmen. Praying and chanting are liberally mingled with the performance, and three times they take the sacrament. The bride and bridegroom have a piece of rose-colored satin to stand upon, and there is a vulgar belief that the one who treads first upon the satin will hold the upper hand in the household. On this occasion we are told the bridegroom gracefully placed the beautiful bride first upon the pink rug.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"FERNANDE" was presented at the Boston Museum on the 19th.

F. S. CHANFRAU is soon to appear in New York, in a new American drama, entitled "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

THE Swedish residents of Chicago are preparing to tender a public banquet to Miss Nilsson on her arrival in that city.

MISS ROSE LECLERQ, from the Princess's Theatre, London, is to join the dramatic company at the Globe Theatre, in Boston.

THE new American play, "Saratoga," was produced for the first time at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Tuesday evening.

"LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD," at Lina Edwin's Theatre, is an interesting farce, full of comical situations, fine scenery, and entertaining dialogue.

THE Olympic Theatre continues to be crowded nightly with the friends of "Wee Willie Winkle." There are no signs of his withdrawal.

At the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Marie Seebach has closed a successful engagement during which she appeared in all her leading characters.

THE preparations going on for the production of "A Winter's Tale" at Booth's Theatre, in January, are of the broadest and most liberal description.

THE difficulty between Mr. Fechter and other parties engaged at the Globe Theatre, Boston, has culminated in the withdrawal of the former from the management of the theatre.

MR. DAVENPORT opened the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 12th, with "As You Like It." Mrs. Scott-Siddons played Rosalind; Mr. Mace appeared as Charles the Wrestler.

MISS GLYN, the eminent English tragedienne, appears for the first time in New York on the 21st, at Steinway Hall, when she will give a dramatic presentation of "Antony and Cleopatra."

At the Globe Theatre, New York, a lively play, entitled "A Morning with Judge Dowling," has, for the past two weeks, attracted a large audience. Humor and pathos are cleverly commingled, and the acting is good.

THE graceful dancing, interesting dialogue, and fine scenery of "Paris, or the Apple of Discord," at Wood's Museum, have made it so popular, that the Lydia Thompson Troupe will continue the piece for some days.

THE fifth of the Popular Concerts at Association Hall, New York, was given on Saturday last, at which Miss Emma Howson, Miss Fernande Tedesco, Mme. De Barry, H. Eugene Clarke and Antonio Mora assisted.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY's dramatization of "The Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Nell," has been produced at the London Olympic. An immense audience, we are told, witnessed its first representation, on November 26th.

THE annual performance in aid of the French Benevolent Society took place at the Grand Opera House, on Saturday evening last, when "Les Brigands" was sung. M. Hittemann acted in a little piece called, "Les Conférences de Beaubiencon."

AN amateur theatrical entertainment was given for the purpose of raising a fund to educate children left destitute after the war, at the Union League Hall, New York, on the evening of the 16th. The comedy "Everybody's Friend" was produced.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL will spend December and January in Gibraltar and the southern towns of the Peninsula, the gentleman's medical adviser recommending this locality. Mr. Bullock commences a Scottish tour with these artists in February.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" is drawing to a close at Booth's Theatre, New York, and those who have not seen it should avail themselves of this opportunity. Mr. Jefferson goes South at the end of his engagement, being a severe sufferer from disease of the lungs.

MISS KELLOGG, Signor Randolph, Mr. Wehli, and Weber's "Grand," have just been delighting the inhabitants of St. Louis, who enthusiastically confirm the good opinion New York has formed and frequently expressed of these artists, that Manufacturer and this Piano.

THE first public rehearsal of the Church Music Association took place at Steinway Hall on the afternoon of the 13th. The solo parts were taken by Madame Anna Bishop, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mrs. Wm. S. Leggat and Mr. H. P. Danks. Conductor, Dr. James Peck.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the programme for a fortnight past has been quite varied, "Fernande" was played for the last time on the 10th. One of the events of the past week was the production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" on the 12th, and repeated on the 16th.

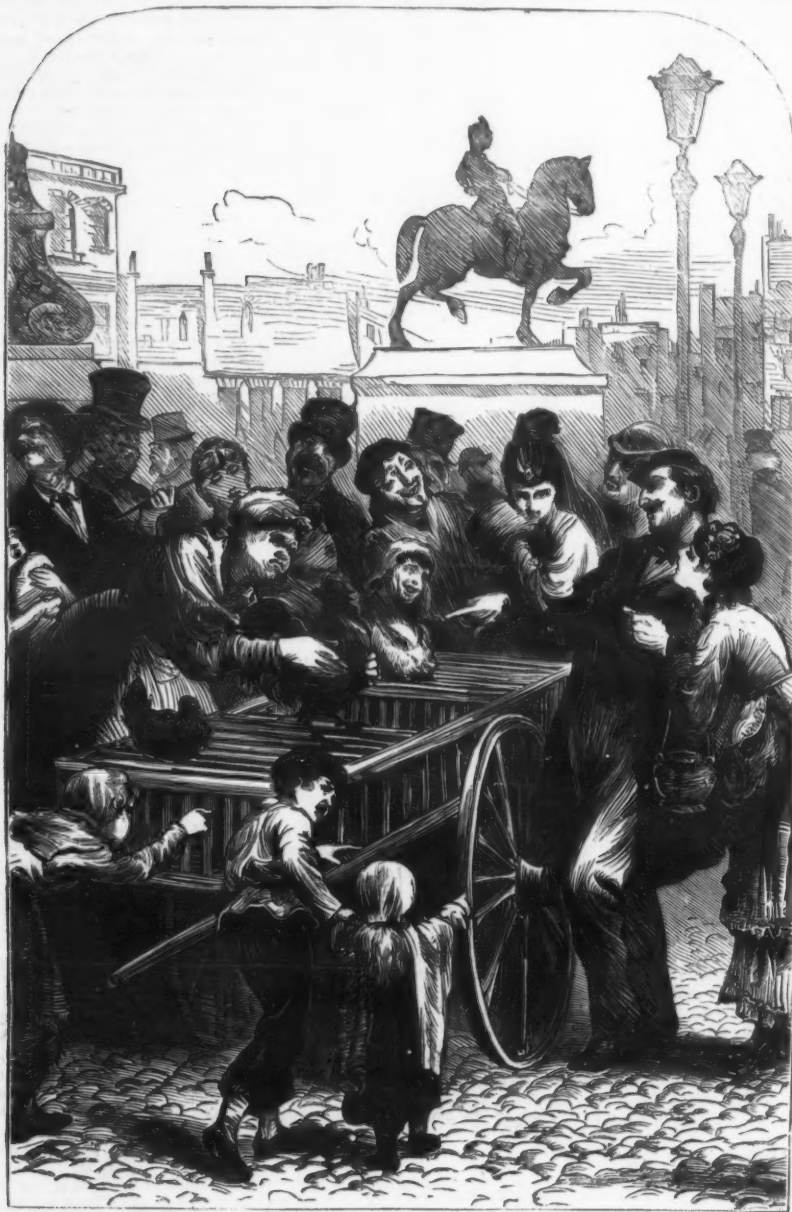
At the Grand Opera House the fifth week of the "Brigands" has been quite prosperous. Several changes occurred in the cast, which enabled the audience to compare the respective merits of the chief singers. "La Princesse de Trébizonde" will soon be produced at this place.

THE young California pianistes, the Misses Emma and Rebecca Laemlein, gave their first concert in Steinway Hall, on the 13th, which was very well attended. They were assisted by Miss Nulie Hieris, and Signors Lefranc, Reyna, and Susini. The sisters gave a number of selections from Gottschalk, Liszt, and Moscheles, evincing talent and great skill.

THE obstacles which seemed likely to prevent the fulfillment of intentions of a brief season of Italian opera at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, have been removed, and the plans of Mr. De Vivo are now likely to be carried out. A series of six or twelve representations is anticipated, with M. Lefranc, Mme. Rose Cziliag, and Signori Susini and Reyna as the leading artists.

"THE BLACK CROOK" was revived at Niblo's Theatre on the 12th, and was greeted with a crowded house. The appointments of the piece are on the most liberal scale, the fairy and transformation scenes being remarkably brilliant. Mlle. Bonfant is the *première danseuse assoluta*, and Signor Giovanni Novissimo, *premier danseur*. There are thirty-two *corymbes*, and a *corps de ballet* and *gymnasts* of one hundred ladies, the whole under the direction of Signor Costa. Moe and Goodrich, the celebrated skaters, also appear.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 259.



INSIDE PARIS.—SCENE ON THE PONT NEUF—AN OLD LADY PROCLAIMS THE SALE OF "LE DERNIER COQ DANS TOUT PARIS."



INSIDE PARIS.—ASSAILING MILK-WAGONS FRESH FROM THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



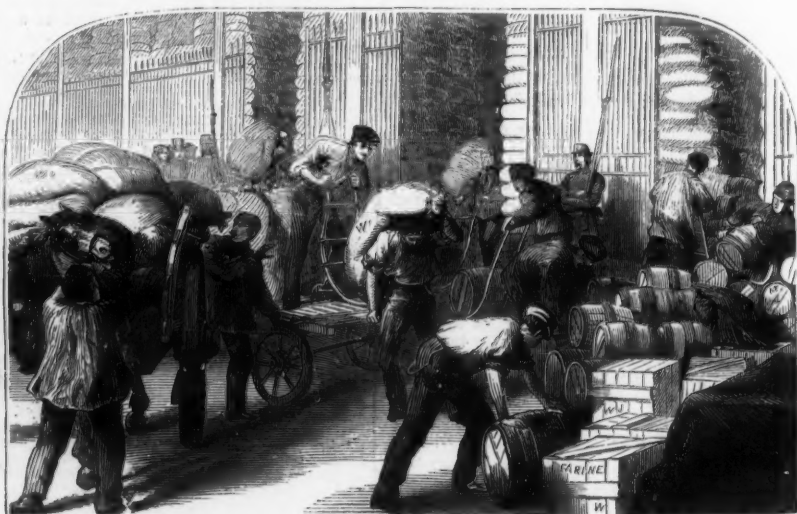
FRANCE.—REFRESHMENT STALLS OUTSIDE THE MAIRIE, VERSAILLES—THE FIRST SNOW.



FRANCE.—DISTRIBUTING SHEEP TO THE BAVARIAN TROOPS BEFORE SÉDAN.



INSIDE PARIS.—A SALE BY AUCTION IN THE FISH-MARKET—"A SARDINE IS TOO DEAR FOR US!"



INSIDE PARIS.—FLOUR STORES IN THE HALLES CENTRALES, OR PRINCIPAL MARKET.

GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK.

ROBERT C. SCHENCK is a native of Ohio, and a graduate of the Miami University. He entered upon the practice of law at an early age, and, by his persevering industry, thorough study, and clear perception of right and wrong, made rapid progress in his profession, and won many friends whose good-will has since been invaluable. His political career was also commenced while he was quite young; he became, after a short but faithful service, the Whig leader of the Legislature of Ohio. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and occupied his seat eight years, being, at different times, a member of important committees. In 1851 he was appointed by President Fillmore Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Brazil, and left this country in May of that year to enter upon his duties. In August of the following year, in conjunction with Mr. Pendleton, he effected a treaty of amity, commerce and navigation between the United States and Paraguay. In May, 1853, he returned to Buenos Ayres, where, during the following July, he obtained two important treaties with the Argentine Confederation.

Returning to the United States, he resumed his professional practice, and was lucratively engaged at the breaking out of the Rebellion. When the first call for troops was made, he was commissioned by the Governor of Ohio a Brigadier-General of the Militia of that State, and placed in command of the Ohio forces in Eastern Virginia. His first engagement was on the 17th of June, 1861, at Vienna, having been drawn into an artillery ambush. Although surprised, by his coolness and courage he so completely deceived the enemy that he came off master of the field.

General Schenck participated in the famous Bull Run battle, and in the prominent engagements of the armies in that part of Virginia. At the second Bull Run battle he was severely wounded, and carried off the field to Washington. In September, 1862, he was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers, ranking from August 30th, the date of receiving his wound. After his recovery he was made Commander of the Middle Department and of the troops of the Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Baltimore, Md.

In the fall of 1862 he was again elected to Congress, to represent the Third District of Ohio, and took his seat at the beginning of December, 1863.

General Schenck's Congressional career up to the present time is too well known for recapitulation here.

Several weeks ago, while visiting in Washington, President Grant tendered him the appointment of Minister to the Court of St. James, to succeed Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, which he has lately accepted. In the present deadlock between the two Governments, our new ambassador has a chance to distinguish himself by the display of skillful diplomacy in circumstances of uncommon delicacy.



GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK, U. S. AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE DIAMOND-FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE recent discovery of vast diamond-fields in South Africa has drawn the attention of a large army of adventurous persons to that hitherto sparsely populated district. Under the magnetic influence of these brilliants, whose worth is figured up to a fabulous sum, we shall expect to hear very soon of thrifty communities spreading all over the broad land; opportunities, besides the search for the precious crystals, have already opened for active, intelligent persons, and Cape Town promises to become a healthy commercial mart.

The climate is described as delightful, provisions are plentiful and consequently cheap, and the mining population of a respectable and orderly character.

The diggings are located on the Vaal River, about 700 miles from the seaport of Cape Town,

and between 400 and 500 from Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, East London and Durban, on the eastern coast. To the strictly laboring classes the fields have at present a great disadvantage; there are but few routes from the seaport towns, and by these transportation is an exceedingly costly necessity. This serious defect will no doubt be speedily remedied.

The Colonial Government have signified their intention of appointing British magistrates on the fields, and this intelligence has been received with great enthusiasm by the diggers.

"THE CAKE WALK."

A RICHMOND CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

THE negroes certainly deserve the palm for inaugurating novel festivities and keeping in lively remembrance customs that have become traditional from their remotest ancestors. Every

season has its peculiar holiday, and it is safe to say that no class of people enters into the noise and fun and excitement of these occasions with more zest than the colored population of our Southern States.

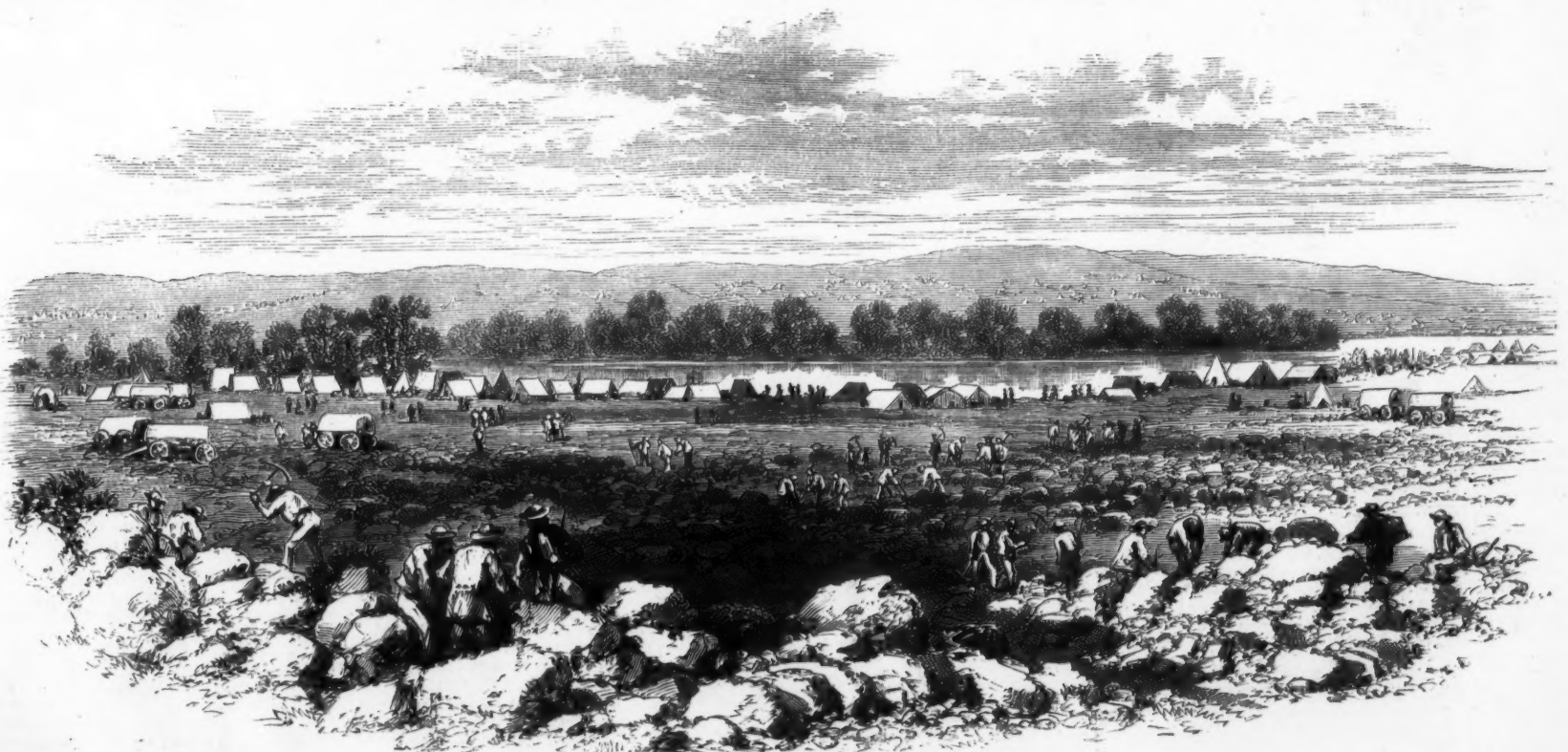
During Christmas week their amusements take a variety of forms that would puzzle many a more sober head, but we know of none more laughable than the "Cake Walk." This *fête* is peculiar to the colored race, and the amount of side-stitching they owe to it is sufficient to make one wonder that they live so long as they do. They laugh, elongate and collapse by turns, and never seem to be satisfied.

A house is chosen having a large room with a substantial floor, for the pedestrians are selected without regard to weight. Somehow, one of the shortest, heaviest females is always nominated for the contest, while another person, that might be pardonably mistaken for a lamp-post, is placed beside her on the list. Around the room are ranged tables loaded with seasonable fruit, while at the four points of the compass are displayed toothsome delicacies, the second collection richer than the first, the third than the second, and the fourth than the third. In case one of the walkers grows weary, a few winks at one of these tables causes a nervous telegram to proceed to the stomach to inquire if supplies are needed, but the eye, catching the next table with its superior attractions, urges the feet forward. Thus round after round is frequently made, the innocent walkers totally unconscious of the length of their tramp. Everything being in readiness, we will step aside and witness this unique entertainment.

For a moment all is silence; then a hundred heads are strained; hats fall from hands; chairs are eagerly mounted and quickly upset; coarse throats and shrill voices commence the shout, "Hi, ho! here they come!" and two females set off on the walk for one of the prize cakes.

It is impossible to repress a smile as these aged dames elevate their turbaned heads, and, striving to throw all the youthfulness possible into their carriage, hasten around the room. One cannot help remembering the

story of the little old woman who swept the sky with her broom, and half believing that, if two broomsticks were produced, these antiquated specimens of humanity would seize upon them, and fly away through the air. But as everything has been placed in "apple-pie order," not a broomstick is visible, and the little dusky-faced pedestrians reach the goal amid a burst of laughing applause. Breathlessly they resume their seats, and their places are taken by three young colored maidens. One of these damsels is a tall, slender girl, seemingly strung upon wires; another is short and pretty-faced, and the third exceedingly stout. Perhaps yellow dresses with red flounces, and decked with green bows, would not be considered in good taste by some ultra-fashionable feminine judges of the matter; but tastes differ, and certainly, from the self-satisfied, half-coquetish air of these competing damsels, it is easily to be perceived that each one considers herself quite *au fait* as to the



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE NEWLY DISCOVERED DIAMOND-FIELDS ON THE VAAL RIVER.

matter of dress, and is complacent accordingly. Loud clapping of hands and cheers greet them as they start upon their expedition, which is to be three times around the room. Long and rapid are the strides of the tall maiden, short and breathless the quick stepping of the stout one, and easy and graceful the footfalls of the little one. Faster and faster they go, making no endeavor to keep step; flounces flying and ribbons fluttering strangely—dark eyes flashing and cheap jewelry glittering in the gas-light, as the aspiring three hasten around the hall, each one proudly expectant of winning the first cake. However, the trial is not for speed, but to see which one excels in the fine art of walking, which one carries her head and shoulders erect, which one turns her toes out, and which one knows how to manage her arms and hands gracefully.

The fashion in which chignons become frizzled is ludicrous in the extreme; they all seem electrified, and we can almost hear the snap of the current as six feet "touch and go" on the sanded floor.

As the walk draws near its close the enthusiasm of the spectators waxes louder and deeper, and cheer after cheer greets them as they reach the goal. The little maid is almost unanimously pronounced the victor, and entitled to the first cake.

A dusky swain, whose heart is smitten quite seriously at the failure of his "particular friend, Clarinda," in the contest, attempts to stand on the back of a chair long enough to protest against the decision of "dis yere honor-able kourt," but a hat skillfully shied by the "man" of the victor seals his mouth effectually.

The two largest cakes are magnanimously given to the two old women who walked first, because they are two old bodies, and, as a spectator remarks, "They hain't much longer to eat sweet things anyhow!" The prize cakes being thus disposed of, then follows a general promenading, and every one being apparently in the best of spirits, great merriment prevails.

These festivals are occasions of great amusement to the whites, and there is generally a goodly delegation. They enter into the spirit of the season, and join the negroes in laughter loud and long enough to have come from the six-foot throat of a giraffe.

THE BABE AND THE BUGBEAR.

A PLEASANT little scene, in which one of the most prominent officers engaged in the Franco-Prussian war was a participant, occurred on a recent afternoon in the elegant park of the Palace of Versailles, France. It was a touching, peaceful, bloodless incident of a district close by huge engines of destruction.

A little French girl, modestly attired, had started out to give Dolly the benefit of an outdoor ride in her rude *coupee*. Sauntering around one of the handsome fountains, she ran into a big, broad-shouldered man, with spurs to his feet, and a sword rattling along the ground at every step. The Landwehr-man stopped, bent forward with a most respectful bow, and extended his large brown hand to the attentive little creature. The child looked up, without embarrassment, into a face naturally harsh in its expression, but now lighted with smiles of undisguised affection, and laid her tiny fingers upon his broad palm. The clasped hands united two hearts—that of the one actor for no special reason; that of the other with a warmth that a father long separated from his children would bestow on another's baby-girl.

The big Landwehr-man was Count Von Bismarck, seeking a temporary rest from the extraordinary cares that devolve upon him, by a brief stroll through the enlivening grounds of the favorite French palace.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR — A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A FRENCH soldier of the Thirty-third line regiment, belonging to General Frossard's corps, had been made prisoner at the outposts before Metz. He was a native of Jouy-aux-Arches, where his wife and children reside. On his way to Corny, where the headquarters of the Germans were situated, he asked permission to be allowed to see his wife and children. The request was immediately granted. The poor woman, half delirious with joy, asked to be allowed to accompany her husband at least to Corny. This was also acceded to. But then came the difficulty about the bairns. The woman was weak, and could not carry her baby, and at home there was no one to take care of it; as for the little boy of five, he could toddle along by his father's side. The difficulty was, however, overcome by a great big Pomeranian soldier, who volunteered to act as nurse. This man had been quartered close to the poor woman's house, and the little ones knew him, for he had often played with them. When, therefore, bidding the poor wife to be of good cheer, he held out his strong arms to the babe, it came to him immediately, and, nestling its tiny head upon his shoulder, seemed perfectly content. So did the Prussian soldier carry the Frenchman's child. It is said several Prussian officers and soldiers, who were spectators of this scene, cried like women; they had, no doubt, wives and children in Fatherland.

WHAT FRANCE HAS LOST.—A writer in the French Journal of Agriculture, M. Barral, makes an interesting but melancholy summary of the losses of the farmers of France in the seven departments which have been invaded by the German armies. He sets down the aggregate in money at eight hundred millions of dollars. This estimate is based on the calculation that more than ten millions of acres have been overrun, and that the loss in growing crops, stock, farmhouses, and implements, cannot fall below eighty dollars an acre. The loss was greater because the war broke out at a time when the fertile plains of Eastern France were waving with the golden grain for the harvest, plains which have been rendered desolate by fire and sword, and swept only for the harvest of death.

THE GARLAND MAKER.

About the flowers her fingers glided
Into their place the blossoms slid,
Roses—but never a thorn remained—
Snow-drops, pendent like pearls unstained,
Lilies, beneath their green leaves leaning,
Orange-flowers, with their mystic meaning!
And as she wove the wreath for a bride
Some Love got twined the flowers beside;
For she had a lover who loved her well—
She too would be wed ere the autumn fell,
So her task was light that happy minute,
For her heart was in it—her heart was in it!

The autumn fell, but she was not wed;
Her lover was false the neighbors said.
She twined a wreath with her fingers thin,
But never a rose was found therein;
To the rhythm, she twined, of a tolling bell,
And the flowers she wove were *les immortelles*!
A wreath to be laid on a young girl's tomb,
A maiden dead in her early bloom,
And tears dropped down on the pallid sheen,
And Grief got twined the buds between—
Her task was sad—but she would begin it,
For her heart was in it—her heart was in it!

THE GAME FOR LIFE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

It was a terrible stormy night; dark as pitch, and blowing a hurricane. My overcoat was wet through, and my jack-boots completely filled with water. The lightning kept up one constant succession of vivid flashes, and the deep thunder rolled in every direction. Under the most favorable circumstances such a night would not be considered pleasant; but when you are alone in a country you don't know, have lost your way, and can't see a foot beyond your horse's nose, I don't think any one can imagine anything more unpleasant. This, however, was my case. I was in the far, far West, in fact, at a greater distance from the Atlantic seaboard than I had ever attained before. Business had called me there, and for certain reasons I had had to travel toward the backwoods, taking with me a considerable sum of money, which it was of the utmost importance I should deliver safely at its destination as soon as possible.

In my anxiety to perform my mission well I had foolishly passed the place where I ought to have rested for the night, fondly hoping to reach another station before the close of evening; but the storm coming on, I lost my way, and there I was, stumbling about over stumps of trees, my horse knee-deep in the mud, and I without the slightest idea which way to turn.

Down came the rain in torrents, beating the muddy earth as if it wished to wash it clean. I was wet through to the skin, and my horse at every step seemed sinking deeper and deeper into the mud, till at last he refused to move a step further. In vain I plunged my spurs into his sides, and used my whip, not another foot would he move, but stood with trembling flanks and extended nostrils, the picture of agonized fear; so I was forced to dismount and lead him. But you may judge my surprise when I reached his head to find that he was nearly touching a wall. I stretched forth my hand, and, to my delight, found it was a log-hut.

"Here is shelter, at all events," said I to myself, "though I scarcely deserve it for my foolhardiness in riding past the station. Well, I suppose I shall have to go supperless to sleep, and heaven knows that is bad enough in my present condition."

Drawing the bridle over my arm, I led my horse round the building, feeling carefully so as not to miss the doorway. I passed down one side and turned the corner, when, to my delight, I perceived a light shining through some chinks in the logs. Without pausing a moment to consider what guests might be assembled inside, I hastened to the door, and beating loudly upon it, demanded admittance. I had not long to wait. The door opened slowly, and a tall, thin man stood before me.

The fellow was roughly dressed, and wore a large broad-brimmed hat thrown carelessly on his head; a cloak, much the worse for wear, hung from his shoulders, and nearly reached the ground; his figure was spare, but very powerful. With his left hand he held the door, so as to be ready to close it in an instant, and in his right a Colt's revolver—Young America's constant companion.

Having glanced at his toilet, I turned my attention to his face, and I must say, a more disagreeable one I never witnessed. It was long and thin, but very hollow, high cheek-bones, sharp, evil-looking eyes, a nose like an eagle's beak, low, receding forehead, and a huge mouth filled with horrible tusks. A long tuft of hair hung from his chin, and his upper lip and cheeks had not felt the touch of a razor for some days.

Having fixed his evil little eyes on me, and taken a good inventory of my personal appearance and effects, he pocketed his pistol, and drew out:

"Wal, what's the matter?"

"Matter!" I exclaimed; "matter enough, I should think. I have lost my way, and am wet to the skin."

"Wal, I can't help that," he replied, and drew back as if to shut the door.

"But I need shelter," I cried; "my good fellow, I am nearly drowned."

"You *du* look as if you'd been making wet goods of yourself," he drawled, opening his mouth, and showing his frightful tusks.

"Don't keep me here, my good fellow," I exclaimed, looking anxiously at the fire; "I only want a feed for my horse and shelter for myself; for both of which you shall be well paid."

"There's a barn at the end of the hut for the 'oss," said he, jerking his head in the direction. "You had better go and put him up, stranger, and then come here."

As I saw there was no help for it, I led my horse to the barn, made him as comfortable as I could, and then taking my saddle-bags over my arm, entered the hut.

It was a wretched hovel, composed of rough-hewn logs, rudely put together, and plastered mud, great masses of which had fallen away, leaving the logs exposed to view, and the sharp wind whistled through the chinks in a miserable manner. The hearth was composed of stones beaten into the earth, and upon this blazed a large fire, which, although it filled the room with smoke, was, in my condition, most acceptable.

My newly made acquaintance appeared to have fallen fast asleep before the fire; so giving one look to his disagreeable countenance, I took off my coat and waistcoat, laid them out to dry, and placing the saddle-bags for a pillow, prepared to go sleep.

"Wal, stranger," said my host, starting up with a snarl, "I *du* think you might be more perlitte, and just hand over the news. I guess it isn't often we get any down in these parts, and therefore we don't lose a chance of rising any when we can."

"I must beg your pardon," I replied; "I thought you were asleep, and therefore was quiet in case I might disturb you."

"Air you hungry?" he demanded.

"As a hunter," was my emphatic reply.

"I guess you won't object to this bit of corned beef then," said he, pushing some coarse bread and salt meat toward me.

"On the contrary," I replied, "nothing could be more acceptable."

"I guess you're thirsty," he said, after watching me devour the meat.

"Sahara is no'ing to me," I avowed.

"I don't know anything about your Sarah," he replied, "but I *du* know a girl named Polly, who does drink, she *du*; a patent double-pressure engine is no'ing to her, that it ain't; she takes in more liquid than a Mississippi steamboat, and when she's at high pressure I guess she's as dangerous."

I expressed my sorrow at Miss Polly's falling, and asked him if he had anything to drink.

"Wal, yes; here's some Bourbon whisky; put yourself outside that, and you won't feel your soaking."

I needed no second invitation, for, in spite of the huge fire, I was shivering with cold; and as I had most important business to execute, was most anxious at any risks to keep up my strength, so as to accomplish my journey.

As I drank the whisky my companion lapsed into silence, and I began to ponder upon the weakness of human judgment, and the unfairness of what people call "impressions" in particular.

"Here is a man," thought I, "that everybody would proclaim a scoundrel from his diabolical countenance; judging from that, you would say that he was mean, cruel and unprincipled; yet, although I have not seen him before, he not only gives me the shelter of his roof, but also shares his supper and whisky with me. I will never trust to appearances again."

Whilst I had been making these reflections, I again prepared for sleep; but my doing so evidently displeased my companion, for stretching out his long legs to their full length—evidently to kick mine—he gave a terrific yawn.

"Darned if you ain't the slowest cuss I've met on this side of creation," he growled.

"Ain't you got no news?"

Half angry and half amused at his strange manner, I replied:

"I am extremely sorry that I have no news to give you, and unfortunately I have not the imagination of some of our New York papers, or I would invent some for your amusement."

"Now, look here, stranger, none of your impertinence. I guess you are a Bostoner, which accounts for your infernal slowness. What's the good of a paper, if there isn't something new in it? S'pose there's a murder or a robbery, and it's a real one, wal, you read it and enjoy it. But s'pose it's a false one, 'bout people you know nothing about, wal, you enjoys it, and there isn't half the darned sight injury done. You laff or cry as much over one as the other, and you don't know the people; therefore, what can it matter to you whether it is true or false? It does jist the same."

Not feeling inclined to argue with my friend over the matter, especially as I could see that he was a man who would not take contradiction quietly, I readily owned that I was wrong and he was right.

"S'pose you don't want to sleep directly, stranger?"

"Indeed I do, for I am very tired."

"I guess it's not safe to sleep in these parts, unless you can manage to keep one eye open."

"Why? Surely we are safe here?"

"I don't know that. I calculate you air a stranger in these parts?"

"I am."

"But I guess you've heard of Silas Cass—he dwells hereabouts."

Silas Cass! I had indeed heard of him as one of the most desperate and depraved characters that haunted the out-settlements of America. He was suspected—nay, it was morally certain—that he had committed more murders and robberies than any man in the world; but he had contrived to evade the law, for although suspicion was great, there was no proof, and the wretch had always escaped the punishment he so richly deserved.

As I looked at the diabolical face before me, I was convinced that my host was no other than the notorious Silas Cass. I felt a cold sweat burst out on my forehead, and a terrible dryness seized my throat. A fiend-like expression of delight spread over the wretch's face as he noticed these symptoms of terror; his thin lips were drawn back in a devilish grin; his greenish eyes were fixed on me with the malicious gaze of a cat watching a caged bird.

Gathering all the resolution I could muster, I replied:

"I have heard of Silas Cass, but really can't

believe the stories they tell about him. Some people are born unlucky, and it has been the misfortune of Cass to be placed in auspicious circumstances; but there has never been any proof of his guilt, and therefore I prefer giving him the benefit of the doubt—in fact, I think he is more sinned against than sinning."

The monster threw himself back and roared with laughter at what he thought my credulity, and pushing the whisky-bottle toward me, ordered me to drink.

I placed the bottle to my lips, and pretended to take a hearty draught, but very little of the fiery liquid entered my mouth.

"Wal, you air a queer cuss," said the ruffian. "Now, I shouldn't be surprised if those saddle-bags of yours held a good amount of dollars?"

"A few," I replied; "and there is a tale belonging to them."

"Just so," said Silas, pushing the whisky-bottle toward me. "S'posing you take another pull."

I took hold of the bottle, and kept it glued to my lips for such a length of time that Silas's eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"Guess you're a tall drinker, stranger," he said.

"Yes," I replied, in as drunken a voice as I could assume; "that's how I came by those dollars."

"Bully for you," grinned Silas. "I've heard of many a boy drinking himself out of a fortune, but ne'er a one that drunk himself rich."

"Oh," sighed I, with drunken earnestness, "I once was honest."

"Once!" said he, opening his eyes.

"Yes," I replied. "I held a place in the Broadway Bank as one of the chief tellers; but I took to gaming and drinking, and lost all my money."

"Wal, that didn't make you rich?"

"No; but in a fit of desperation I emptied my till, and the dollars are there."

"Whew!" whistled Silas. "I guess you did it up pretty s'pry?"

"You haven't any cards about you?" I asked.

"I guess I have, though," he replied; "s'posing we have a game of poker?"

My heart beat with delight as he drew a pack from his pocket, and, grasping the cards, I commenced dealing them with the assumed eagerness of a regular gamester.

I saw the wretch cheat me every time. I lost and lost; still, I continued playing, only repenting my losses in a maudlin drunken way, that made my companion roar with laughter. He commenced to thoroughly enjoy himself directly he saw my misery; he lighted his pipe, and began smoking. He did not puff out the smoke as an ordinary man would have done, but opened his mouth and let the dense clouds roll round his horrible tusks and long, thin tongue. Each time he won, he seized the bottle and drank heavily of the whisky. When the bottle was finished, he produced another from a small cupboard at the back of the hut. This soon disappeared, and was replaced by another; but the more he took the better he seemed. As he swept up my dollars he roared with delight, flinging his huge legs about in the most grotesque manner. He began chanting bits of songs, certainly not fit for respectable society. To make the scene more horrible, the storm without had become so violent that the hut shook beneath the heavy claps of thunder, and the blue lightning flashed through the cracks between the logs that composed the walls, perfectly paling the red light of our fire, and nearly blinding me.

"Lost again!" shouted Silas as he swept up my last few dollars. "Hear how the boys are playing skittles up above? I guess that bowling saloon pays, they play pretty constant. What's your next stake?"

"I haven't a cent," I groaned.

"I'll play you five dollars against your saddle-bags."

I knew they would be his anyway, and therefore staked them. Need I say I lost?

As Silas rose to procure some more whisky, I took the opportunity of scribbling a few lines upon the back of an envelope, which I slipped into a slit in my coat-lining.

He made me stake my horse, my coat and waistcoat; in fact, everything I possessed. I lost all, and then threw myself back as if in despair, bewailing my bad fortune and rashness in having trusted to cards. Silas seemed highly delighted with my melancholy, consoling me with the assurance that there were plenty more banks in the world, and I might regain my fortune. After bearing his taunts for some time I pretended to cry myself to sleep, but took care to place my face in such a position that I could see all that Silas did without appearing to watch him.

No sooner had my first snore sounded than Silas rose from the ground, and drawing his revolver, advanced toward me.

"Of all the darned fools I ever did meet, this one beats them all. He a thief? Bah! he is a disgrace to the name. I s'pose it's no use potting him; he can't bring anything against me? He lost all his money in play. Besides, he won't care about kicking up a noise in case of the bank finding him. And yet he would be safer."

As he spoke, he leveled the pistol straight at my head. I shall never forget that terrible moment. I knew that the slightest movement would be the signal for my death, and so remained perfectly motionless; but the strange, horrid, cold calm that stole over me will never pass from my memory.

"Bah!" he said, putting up the pistol, "let him live; I've got the other one to attend to."

He turned away and left the hut, carefully closing the door behind him. I listened to his retreating footsteps, and when they sounded distant I sprang to my feet. My first idea was flight, but a moment's consideration told me that that would be certain death. I crept to the door and peeped through the chinks in the wall. The storm still raged, and by the constant flashing of the lightning I was enabled to see for some distance. Silas was coming toward the

hut, carrying a heavy burden on his shoulders. He stopped by the side of a pond about ten yards from the building, and threw down his load—it was the body of a man. Silas then took some cords from his pocket, and with them bound a huge stone to the body. When this was done he picked up the ghastly object, and with more than human strength hurled it into the pond. The lightning gleamed out brightly; the pale, ghastly face seemed turning one appealing look to heaven for revenge; the cold, dull waters closed over it, and all was still again.

Struck with horror, I could scarcely move, and with difficulty regained my position by the fire before Silas returned.

Quietly taking off his own coat and waistcoat, which were as bad as they could be, he threw them into one corner of the room, and then, with all the coolness imaginable, dressed himself in my garments. He again left the hut with my saddle-bags, and a few minutes afterward I heard the ring of my horse's feet as he galloped away.

In a moment I had seized his coat, and putting it on, dashed from the hut in pursuit.

I ran until I was almost ready to drop. Still I pressed on; the spirit of revenge had entered my soul, and bore me up. At last I saw a horseman crossing the hill. I knew the figure but too well—it was Silas Cass.

Till morning I dodged from bush to bush, keeping as close to him as I dared. Had I had a pistol with me I fear Silas would have stood a very poor chance. At last I perceived a party of horsemen riding toward us, and in a minute I burst from my hiding-place and commenced shouting as loudly as I could.

"Stop him, stop him! he is a murderer!" Silas looked quietly behind him, and, seeing me running, drew his revolver, presented and fired. The bullet whistled close to my head, but did not damage.

By this time the horsemen had heard my cries and were close upon Silas, who hesitated for a moment whether to attack me or not, but seeing the party of horsemen were armed, he turned his horse's head as if to gallop across country; but the leader of the horsemen swung his rifle round, and presenting it at Silas, called upon him to stop.

"I guess this is a pretty shindy," said Silas, coolly, "all about a fellow who has lost his money at poker."

"Stop that man," I cried; "he has robbed me of my money, horse and clothes."

"Why, you damned viper," said Silas, "didn't you lose them to me fairly at poker, in the block-hut?"

"No," I cried; "he robbed me there, and I call upon you all to help me arrest him for having committed murder. I saw him throw the body into a pond by the log-hut last night. Expecting the same fate, I wrote on an envelope these words: 'I have been robbed and murdered by Silas Cass—James Ansel.' You will find it in a slit in the lining of my coat, which that man now wears, for he is Silas Cass."

Scarcely had the words escaped my lips when Silas again presented his pistol, and this time with better effect, for the bullet pierced my arm, but at the same instant one of the horsemen dealt Cass a heavy blow with his rifle, and laid him senseless on the ground.

Silas was handed over to the authorities and searched; my envelope was found upon him. The body was found in the pond as I described. My story was told and proved true, and in a few days I had the satisfaction of knowing that Silas Cass was no more.

THE HORSE-FLESH MARKET IN THE HALLES CENTRALES, PARIS.

The department of meats in the Halles Centrales, Paris, presents scenes that to the majority of our readers would appear quite repulsive. The introduction of horse-flesh among the articles of subsistence in France has been variously commented on, and the fact is well-known. But views of ladies, tastefully attired for the circumstances of their trying situations, joining with the lower and middle classes in purchasing steaks of the horse, are absolutely unprecedented. The butchers offer the bodies as if they were the choicest lamb or beef, and the besieged inhabitants relish the juicy flesh of the horse as keenly as that of the other food animals.

OVERTHROW OF AN UNFINISHED FACTORY IN NEW YORK.

DURING the gale of December 15th the walls of the large piano-forte factory, constructing at No. 523 West Thirty-fifth street, New York, to be eight stories high, 25 feet front and 200 feet deep, were overthrown by the western wind, which blew unobstructed from the North River. The carpenters had abandoned the building during the morning, having observed that the high narrow structure was swaying to every gust. About 10 A. M., struck by a heavier gale than before, the eastern wall bulged and gave way, and the building toppled over, in what Ruskin has called "a heap of slime and death." Two adjacent tenement-houses, a blacksmith shop and two small stables, were involved with the falling mass, and about a dozen persons were crushed, four of whom were killed. James Benson, an assistant blacksmith, working in one of the shanties, received a severe head wound from a flying brick as he escaped. The house in the rear of the smithy was a two-story brick, occupied by four families, and was involved in the disaster. Matthew Cairns, the proprietor, and all the women and children, were in it when the crash came. Several of these were released, slightly scratched; but Mrs. Mary Reilly, Mrs. Mary Hamilton (whose corpse was found after four hours' labor), John Donnelly (in charge of the

portable engine alongside the factory), and a child named Robert J. McCafferty, perished. The building had been commenced thirty-one days before the catastrophe, and the eighth story was already being roofed in, so anxious was the proprietor to have his premises enclosed before cold weather. Before the walls were half-way up, it appears, the builder informed him that, in his judgment, they were entirely inadequate to sustain the immense weight resting on them. He received forrely that it was none of his business, that the Superintendent of Buildings had approved of the plans and specifications, and that all that was required of him, as builder, was to go on and construct the factory in accordance with his instructions. Sergeant James, of the precinct, states that he spoke to the builder more than once on the extreme lightness and glaring instability of the structure, which was as freely admitted.

On the night of the disaster, during the harrowing scenes connected with the excavations, the feeling against the owner was so bitter, that a building of his in the vicinity was believed to be in danger of incendiary vengeance, and Captain Caffray detailed officers to watch the threatened edifice.

James M. Macgregor, Superintendent of the Department for the Survey and Inspection of Buildings in New York, was appointed by the Mayor and Board of Supervisors several years since, and receives a large salary (in 1868 it was \$5,000) for the protection of our citizens from accidents like the above.

THE GIFTS FOR BABY COLFAX.

A NUMBER of the friends of Vice-President Colfax, of both political parties, in Washington, recently determined to manifest their personal appreciation of him by the presentation to his infant son, Schuyler, of an elaborate silver service. The movement has resulted in the manufacture, by the Gorham Company, of an exceedingly handsome service, consisting of an oval tray, a plate, a



GIFTS TO SCHUYLER COLFAX, JR., FROM THE FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

drinking-cup, a bread and milk bowl, a napkin-ring and a knife, fork and spoon. The whole lot is valued at \$1,000.

The tray has a raised trellis-carved border, gradually swelling toward the back, when it centres in a shield of frosted silver, which contains the monogram of the young gentleman. An interior edge of the tray is carved with appropriate devices, and the highly-polished centre contains the inscription in ornamental German text letter:

SCHUYLER COLFAX, JR.,
FROM
Senators of the XLII. Congress.

Twelve different colors of gold are employed in the carving and fretting of this and the other pieces. The handles of the bowl find their completeness in a burnished lion's head; the handles of the other articles, including the knife, fork and spoon, in a representation of the human face.

The service was placed on exhibition at Tiffany & Co.'s, Union Square, while awaiting its transmission to Washington, D. C.

DUMAS, PORTRAYED BY HIS SON.

AFTER all the laborious and often excellent sketches of poor Dumas which have appeared in the papers, we feel the need of something more, to pose the great man properly in our memories. The dash and fecundity of the modern Lope de Vega seem to have suggested to the writers of the American press a perfect saturnalia of the "style sparkling." But Dumas is dead, and something more thoughtful, as well as more generous, is wanted for his grave. This sympathetic appreciation can nowhere be found so beautifully expressed as in the tribute paid by Dumas fils, in his late Preface, to his father. Never was a grateful task more gracefully performed than in this masterpiece of filial eulogy from the pen that wrote "La Dame aux Camelias." We translate:

"Well!" exclaims the son, addressing the stern, "Our greedy century, which you yourself have accus-

ed to demand such vast feasts of the brain—our voracious century has tired of you! Yet, for this age made to be always devouring, yours was the only power capable of satisfying. And then, what precautions did Nature take—what provision did she lay up, in your person—for that formidable intellectual appetite which she foresaw! It was on the soil of America, with the torrent of African blood, in the flanks of a black virgin, that she consolidated that from which you were to be born. This progenitor, soldier and general of the French Republic, could strangle a horse between his knees, could break a helmet with his teeth, and defended all alone the bridge of Araken against an advance guard of twenty men. Ancient Rome would have awarded him a triumphal procession, and appointed him consul. France, more cold and economical, refused a college education to his son, and that son, child of the forest, of the open air and the broad heaven, impelled by his genius and his destitution, swooped one day upon Paris, and rushed into literature as his father had rushed upon the enemy—beating, rolling down, and overthrowing all that would not give him way. Then commenced that cyclopean task which was to last for forty years. Tragedy, drama, history, novels, travels, comedies, you threw them all into the mold of your brain, and you peopled the world of fiction with new-created characters. You burst the bounds of the newspaper, the novel, the stage, too narrow for your pulsant shoulders; you have provisioned France and Europe and America; you have enriched booksellers, translators and plagiarists; you have put your printers out of breath and confounded your amanuenses; and, consumed with the instinct of creation, you have not always assayed the metal you used, but have seized and cast into the furnace, often at hazard, whatever fell under your hand. But the flame was intelligent, and divided good from bad. Once in a while you would rest your massive hammer on the broad anvil; you would sit at the door of your fiery cavern, your sleeves rolled to the shoulder, your bosom open to the air, your face smiling; you wiped your brow, you looked at a star as you breathed the freshness of the night—or perhaps you would dash into the nearest path; you left your work like a truant, you rushed upon the ocean, you climbed the Caucasus, you scaled Atna—then, with lungs re-filled, you re-entered your cave. Your great silhouette was seen again, black against the flaming fog, and the spectators would congratulate themselves and clap their hands: for, after all, they love fecundity in work, gracefulness in strength, simple-heartedness in genius; and you have fecundity, and simplicity, and grace, and generosity, the generosity which has made you a millionaire in giving but a poor man for yourself. Then, one day, distraction, indifference and ingratitude supervened among that throng which before had been attentive and charmed. You had given it too much. It was we, the younglings, who were growing up into notice! You, for your part, became the elder Dumas, for the

respectful, *Father Dumas*, for the impertinent, and, in the midst of a world of new rumors, you could hear them say: 'Decidedly, his son has more talent than he.' How you must have laughed! But no; you were only proud, you were all the happy father. Perhaps you believed what they said. Dear great man, simple and good, who would have given me your fame just as you gave me your money when I was young and idle! I am but too happy at length to find the occasion when I can bend in public before thee, render thee homage in the light of day, and embrace thee, as I love thee, in the face of the future!"

THE INIQUITOUS "FLEET MARRIAGES" IN LONDON.

THE modern law for the solemnization of marriages between the hours of eight and twelve in the morning dates from the bill passed by Chancellor Hardwicke, March 25, 1754, for the suppression of that iniquitous system known as Fleet Marriages. Eighty-nine parsons, denizens of the Fleet, are mentioned by Mr. Burn, in his "History of Fleet Marriages," as plying this trade; and at certain taverns a parson was retained, at a pound a week, as a necessary member of the establishment, in order that he might celebrate clandestine and unlicensed unions. Touts were also kept to induce couples to patronize their employer's tavern. Walpole tells us how Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland, was married in this clandestine way to Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Many of the nobility, including the Marquis of Annandale, Viscount Sligo, Lord Banfil, Lord Abergavenny, Sir Marmaduke Gresham, Hon. John Bourke, afterward Lord Mayo, and Lord Montague, afterward Duke of Manchester, resorted to Fleet parsons for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony. The evils of such a system are apparent, but the drunkenness that frequently accompanied such marriages was not the cause that led to the change in the law, and the Archbishop of York's argument was, therefore, in this particular, based on an error. Horace Walpole, in writing to Mr. Conway on the 22d of May, 1758, correctly describes the bill that made Fleet marriages illegal as being drawn up and passed for "preventing clandestine marriages." The drunkenness was no more a feature of such marriages than it was at Gretna Green unions or still is in the Black country and many English districts, and more especially in the western Highlands of Scotland, where, at the present day, decent couples frequently go to the Lowlands to be married, in order to avoid the great expense that the large consumption of whisky would impose upon them if they were married in their own parish.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE new Queen of Spain is reported to be highly educated.

VINNIE REAM has arrived at New York with her Lincoln statue.

THE venerable Pryce Peacock, Archdeacon of Limerick, Ireland, is dead.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has been presented to King George of Greece, by Minister Tuckerman.

MR. DAPPY, of Hindoostan, an educated Oriental, called upon the President on the 13th.

VICTOR NEHIG is appointed Professor of the Art Department in the Cooper Institute, N. Y.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has protested against the election of the Duke of Aosta as King of Spain.

MR. GLADSTONE spoke one hundred and seventy-eight times during the last session of Parliament.

HON. DAVID G. BURNET, first President of the Republic of Texas, died at Galveston on the 5th, aged 83.

MOHAMMED RESCHID PASHA will represent the Sublime Porte at the Congress on the Eastern question.

CRISTOBAL MENNOZI, Cuban Ex-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was executed at Puerto Principe the other day.

MR. ATLEE, for many years librarian at the Treasury Department in Washington, has gone to San Francisco.

COMMODORE ASHBURY, of the yacht Cambria, is to be "dined" by the Corporation of Brighton on the 4th of January.

JUSTICE SAMUEL NELSON, of the United States Supreme Court, has been upon the Bench for over forty-nine years.

HENRY BERGH, the President of the N. Y. S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A., has expended over \$100,000 of his own money in the cause.

THE hereditary Grand Duke of Russia is about to enter the ranks of royal authors with a work on the defense of Sebastopol.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON will spend the winter in the South—his lung complaint being increased by his incessant labors of the fall.

ELLEN TOWNSEND has given a large farm to the city of Newport, R. I., where neglected boys are to work and receive schooling.

THE first colored man to occupy a seat in the House of Representatives will be J. H. Rainey, who succeeds Mr. Whittemore.

BESIDES the Central Park statue of Prof. Morse, there is to be one erected by the American Academy of Science at Washington.

THE will of the late Stephen D. Tomlinson, of Indianapolis, Ind., bequeaths \$100,000 for the erection of public buildings to adorn that city.

REV. W. K. BEECHER, of Galesburg, has been chosen to the chair of the Hebrew language and literature in the Auburn Theological Seminary.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland declines to receive deputations soliciting pardon for Fenian convicts, on the ground that no good result is possible.

PATNISH, a noted Navajo chief, has crossed the Colorado River, and threatens the lives and property of the inhabitants of the southwestern frontier of Utah.

AFTER spending thousands of dollars to perfect a piano with his violin resonance and perfection tone, Ole Bull has at last obtained a patent for his instrument.

A PRIVATE letter asserts that King William is accompanied by a spiritual medium, who is consulted for information on all important movements of the army.

REV. DR. THOMPSON, pastor of the Plane Street Colored Church, in Newark, N. J., has accepted the chair of Biblical Theology in the Straits University of New Orleans.

LORD BYRON, eldest son of George, seventh Baron (who succeeded his cousin, the poet, in 1824), died in England, November 25th, without issue. He was born in 1818.

THE report is current in the clubs of London that John Bright is to be sent to Washington as a special envoy to negotiate a settlement of the Alabama and fishery questions.

TROCHU, Vinoy and Ducrot, who commanded the French forces during the recent sorties from Paris, were, twenty years ago, the three highest officers in the same regiment.

THERE is a movement in progress looking to the election of the Rev. Dr. Thompson as President of Yale College. Mr. Murray, of the Park Street Church, in Boston, to succeed him at the Tabernacle.

It has been decided, by 60 to 43, to impeach Governor Holden, of North Carolina. He will be suspended from office during the impeachment trial. Chief Justice Parsons will preside at his trial by the Senate.

THREE American ladies are the *fiancée* of titled foreigners—namely: Miss Clara, daughter of Leonard W. Jerome; Miss Emily Schomberg, the noted belle of Philadelphia; and Miss Sarah, daughter of Minister Motley, in London.

MRS. LAURA WOLCOTT GIBBS, who died in New York, in the seventy-seventh year of her age, was the daughter of Oliver Wolcott, Comptroller and Secretary of the Treasury under General Washington, and afterward Governor of Connecticut.

THE Rev. Messrs. Foote and Miller, missionaries of the Episcopal Church, are the only clergymen in the Territory of Idaho. They hold services (besides their proper parishes) in two towns, one forty miles, and the other sixty miles distant.

THE Shah of Persia, who is performing a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Kerbelah, lately passed through Bagdad, accompanied by a suite of 10,000 persons. The horses and other beasts of burden composing this caravan number upward of 15,000.

ROBERT EBERHARDT LAUNITZ, Academician, sculptor of the Pulaski monument at Savannah, and of numerous works in Greenwood Cemetery, was found dead on the 13th of December. He was aged sixty-four, was a Russian, and brother of Baron Launitz, the German sculptor.

THE marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne is still the absorbing topic of talk in the social life of London. The Princess has selected seven of the eight young ladies who are to officiate as bridesmaids. They are the Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hartford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Florence Leveson Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; and Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.



FRANCE.—THE BABE AND THE BUGBEAR—YOUNG FRANCE IS CAPTIVATED BY PRUSSIA, IN A FRIENDLY WAY, AT VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 262.



FRANCE.—TOUCHING INCIDENT BEFORE METZ—CHARITABLE ACTION BY A POMERANIAN SOLDIER.—SEE PAGE 262.



HOLIDAY GAMES AT RICHMOND, VA.—"THE CAKE WALK."—DESIGN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 261.

THE BANNERS OF THE ISLE.

Curse it, and crush it, and blast it forever!
Down with the ensign of tyrannous Spain!
Up with the beacon of Freedom's endeavor!
Up with the flag of Free Cuba again!
Banneret starry gemmed,
Ne'er shall thy course be stemmed,
Ne'er shall the foeman exult in thy fall;
Driven to mountain rock,
Rent by the battle shock,
Yara's bright flag, thou shalt conquer them
all!

Banner all sacred, the hands that unfold
thee
Blazon the emblem of God to the air;
Forth from the mountains he giveth to hold
thee,
Forth in thy glory, defiantly flare!
Thence in thy wrath to leap
Down with a whirlwind sweep,
Down through savanna and desolate vale,
Down to the city's walls!
Down to Belshazzar halls!
Demons may strive, but the truth shall pre-
vail.

Demons! Ah, yes. Lo, a myriad voices
Start into being and echo the word.
Hark! In his work how the hireling rejoices!
Lost in his heart and disgrace on his
sword!
These are the deeds of Spain:
Innocent children slain!
Women borne off with a wall of despair,
Prisoners vilely torn,
Blinded, and left forlorn—
Down with the fiends to the Devil's own
lair!

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was Lady Alice's pleasure that Olivia should be free from the restraints of school-room discipline, and allowed to mingle in the gayeties that would celebrate the birthday week.

"It is my pleasure, Olivia," she said; "you shall, for once, have a peep at the gay world—see and be seen, and then, like a butterfly, retire into your mothlike state till you emerge again. Why, who knows what might be the result? Some extraordinary discoveries, or eligible conquests, might make my fête memorable. At any rate, it must be so. I will play queen for once, and bring my little protégée out on special occasions; and I shall see that your toilet is properly arranged for each day, and Mrs. Stafford can enjoy her holiday either here or elsewhere to her heart's content."

Lady Alice kept her word. In the midst of the incessant and numerous calls on her attention from every quarter—from dressmakers and jewelers, decorators and amusement caterers—in the midst of all this she had found time to give orders for Olivia's wardrobe to be furnished, with the necessary dresses for each occasion at which she would appear; and the girl submitted in silence; but her pride and her inclination alike revolted against the obligations incurred and the mortifications risked. Mrs. Ross indeed appeared content in no ordinary degree with the arrangements.

"You will be a wonderful use to me, if you'll condescend so far, Miss Olivia," she said; "you're such a clever hand at any pretty decorations and fancies, and I'm getting old and out of practice; and besides, I am almost driven wild by the fresh folks that I hear of every day coming. Why, it's only this morning that my lord sent me a new list of visitors, that puts me to my wits' end. There's a lady and her son—very old friends, it seems, of the Dacre family, and who used to know Mr. Philip—and of course they cannot be refused; but where to put them, unless Mrs. Stafford goes away, and you'd put up with the dressing-closet, I cannot tell."

"I think you may be at rest, then, Mrs. Ross," said the girl, "for I heard my governess announce her departure to Lady Alice this morning; and you can make me a bed on the floor if you like, I do not mind."

"You're a true lady, Miss Olivia," said the housekeeper. "I should know that anywhere. It's only the upstarts who make a fuss when they're put out. And, dear, dear!—how you are altered, even since you came! I should hardly know you, I do declare!"

Mrs. Ross was right. Two days after, when Olivia stood before her glass, prepared to join the gay circle in the drawing-room after dinner, she herself might have doubted her own identity. She had gained at least two inches in height in the last six months, and her slight figure, though still in the first slender and transition state of early maidenhood, was acquiring roundness in its proportions that redeemed it from the ungainly, gaunt awkwardness of her childhood. Then her complexion, though still dark, almost giving a foreign air to her appearance, was gradually clearing from its extreme sallowness. Her features were rounding and softening from the sharp thinness, and her best points—her eyes, hair and teeth—were now no longer in such extraordinary contrast to the rest of her features. Then, too, Alice's taste had arrayed her so becomingly, and yet so simply. A rose-colored silk dress, relieved by tails of soft black lace, and with no ornament but a slender chain of Maltese workmanship, to which was suspended the plain gold cross she always wore, and which hung round her slender throat.

There was, moreover, something so graceful and proud in the carriage of the head, and the whole aspect of the child was so uncommon and so refined, that, as Mrs. Ross had justly said, no one could doubt that she was indeed a lady, in the truest sense of the word.

Isabel Abby's scornful eye spied her out as

she entered the room, and gilded timidly to its most unobserved corner.

"Did you ever see anything so absurd, Lord Rushbrooke?" she exclaimed. "I declare, Lady Alice is perfectly infatuated about that girl. And such a fright, too!"

But the viscount had sufficient instinct to detect refinement where it existed.

"Humph!" said he; "scarcely such a fright as you make her, Isabel. By Jove, she takes the shine out of the red-and-white daughter of Sir Ralph Trenton. The girl's really transformed; and if she had not such a vile temper of her own, I shouldn't mind having a little game with her, just for a change."

Isabel's color rushed up to her fair face, and an angry look disfigured her delicate lips; but her admirer was a viscount, and far too important a prize to be risked for the present indulgence of angry pique. When she was once Viscountess Rushbrooke, then she could pay for all that she endured now. Meanwhile, Olivia had half concealed herself behind a massive curtain that hung over the oriel window, and in the recess of which a sofa was placed.

For some time the glare, together with the sounds and lights, bewildered her; then she caught sight of Alice, looking like a miniature sultana in her brilliant costume, and surrounded by a group of admiring devotees. But one figure immediately beside her, and, as it appeared, engrossing chiefly her attention, more especially attracted, and even perplexed, Olivia—it was a tall, finely-built man, of about twenty-eight, dark to swarthy, and yet handsome withal, in his well-cut and grave, but gloomy features.

There was little that would win on the eye or the heart in that face; and yet Olivia was fascinated by the perplexing resemblance, or rather the indefinable something in the whole mien, that recalled to her Algernon Dacre. It seemed impossible, for one was swarthy, and the natural expression gloomy and sinister, while the other was remarkably fair, and the face bright and joyous. Still, there was that which did recall the absent Algernon in the stranger, more especially as he spoke with a very rare and brilliant smile in reply to some remark made by Lady Alice.

Perhaps there is nothing so characteristic in families, so hereditary, as the smile and the voice; and even the plainest and most alien among children often inherit those charms from a fair mother.

Olivia was roused from her observations by the words of a lady, hitherto unobserved by her, who was half reclining on a chair-lounge close to the sofa in which the foundling had taken refuge.

"Do you see, Frank?—he has begun the game successfully. Was I so far wrong in my conjectures?"

The speaker was a woman of indefinite age, and of a still attractive and even beautiful cast of countenance; delicate and refined to a degree that betokened extreme fragility of health, and with features that might have borne criticism with impunity. It was evident that the woman on whom Olivia's eyes now turned had once been of extreme beauty. The gentleman she addressed was young, and, if closely examined, a sufficient resemblance might have been detected to strengthen the supposition that they were mother and son, though the age and the difference of sex, with the addition of the alteration made by delicate health, materially impaired the existing likeness.

"Yes," he replied, with a disagreeable sneer, "his kind friends may be well pleased with the prospect for him. Don't you see that he has managed to occupy her attention already, while Lord Ashton darts not ill-satisfied glances at them from his whist-table? It's unaccountable—that dark!"

"Hush, hush!" said the lady, softly. "It is all right and all natural. Were a match to be selected that could combine all that could be wished under the especial circumstances, I believe it would be Geoffrey Dacre."

Olivia started violently, so violently that the attention of the speakers was drawn to her, and, when once attracted, the eyes of one of them seemed strangely riveted on her face. The lady gazed at her, longer, certainly, than strict courtesy would permit, and the warm bloom that rose to the girl's cheeks from the examination gave her, for the moment, a real and novel charm, that might have excused the continued glance which followed that first sudden recognition of her presence, both from the lady and the young man to whom she was speaking, till the girl's spirit was roused, and she rose to leave the spot. Then the lady seemed to awake to a sense of her rudeness.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in soft, winning tones; "I beg your pardon; I really did not mean to drive you away; but the fact is, that I fancied, for an instant, that I had seen you before, and ought to have recognized you. But I see I am mistaken. It is an accidental likeness that has deceived me."

Olivia bowed; but she was too shy, and too inexperienced in the world's ways, to speak; and she was about to carry out her intention of leaving them, when the young man, who had not previously spoken, started up.

"Pray, do not go!" he said. "You will make us think we have driven you away, and that you have not forgiven an unintentional rudeness. May I not give you this seat, and leave you to learn from my mother, Mrs. Mervyn, whom it was that you recalled to her?"

Olivia shyly accepted the offer, too timid to resist.

"You have promised too much for me, Frank," said Mrs. Mervyn. "The friend to whom I have alluded is far too long since numbered with the dead to be known to so young a lady. But still, even a nearer inspection rather confirms the resemblance, although perhaps a whimsical one. May I take the privilege of age, and inquire your name?"

The girl flushed. That was a question that never failed to set all the pulses bounding.

"My name is Olivia," she said, haughtily; "I am a foundling."

She would again have risen, but the soft hand of the pale lady was on her arm.

"Stay," she said, "stay! You and I must be friends. I feel already as if there was a bond between us. Are you staying here?"

"I am a foundling, and Lady Alice has taken me under her care," replied Olivia.

It was strange; but her spirit did not respond to the voice of kindness, as it was ever wont to do.

Mrs. Mervyn was about to speak again, when the group in which Lady Alice was the centre seemed to open, and Geoffrey Dacre came toward them.

"I am sent by Lady Alice to request that this lady will join her," he said, with a cold, forced recognition of Olivia's new friends. "May I have the honor?"

But Olivia had risen instantly, and had reached Alice's side ere the words were fully spoken. She would have been overwhelmed by the grand, cold courtesies of that dark brother of Algernon's.

"Ah, mignonne! Why, you have run away from your knight," she laughed. "Well, it is rather a refreshing naïveté at your age. I want you to come in the music-room and sing my favorite ballad for us. I will take you myself, as you have such a terror of masculine escort."

"No, no," said Olivia, shrinking back. "Please not. I cannot."

Lady Alice looked, as Olivia knew full well she ever did, when not well pleased.

"I wish it," she said; "surely you will not refuse, Olivia?"

The girl still paused for an instant. Her whole frame trembled at the ordeal. Then she thought of Algernon, of his love for the being who thus urged her transient caprice, and the resolutions she had made for future years returned on her with lightninglike rapidity. Should she begin those resolves thus badly? Was she to quail before so trifling a trial of courage, when she had set herself to perform such long and painful tasks?

She could not control the beating heart, nor the tremulous limbs, but she did master the sensitive spirit, and quickly moved toward the music-room by the side of Lady Alice. It was an octagon apartment, opening from the large bow in which she had been sitting, and as she went toward it she involuntarily glanced at the still motionless figure of her late acquaintance. Her eyes were fixed steadily on her, and the less steadfast but more flattering glances of the son also rested on Olivia's light form, as she flitted past them. But Olivia had little thought to bestow on the bold demeanor of the stranger. In another minute she was sitting before the piano, and drawing off her gloves with fingers that almost refused to perform their office.

The first simple chords of the sweet German ballad were struck with faint, tremulous touch. She could not command herself so rapidly as to do justice to the beauty of the music or her own performance. But when the first low, sweet tones of her own beautiful voice had come on her ears; when the delicious touch of the splendid instrument thrilled under her fingers, then the nervous terror vanished.

Olivia had learned by this time what music really was; and the peculiarly beautiful voice organ with which Nature had gifted her now expressed the passionate feelings of the girl's soul.

As the second verse concluded, a breathless silence prevailed in the apartment; then the third died away in yet more melting, melancholy pathos, and an inexpressible murmur, rather than plaudits of admiration, ran through the assembled group.

Olivia rose, her face and neck deeply dyed with scarlet, now that the excitement was over; but just as Lady Alice was looking round in some triumph to collect the suffrages and approval for her protégée, a low cry, half groan, half wail, came from the immediate vicinity of the spot.

It was the stranger lady, who had suddenly fallen back in a fainting fit, as Olivia's last notes had ceased.

Of course all was confusion and excitement. Sir Geoffrey aided her son in carrying her from the crowded apartment to her own room, while Olivia was dispatched by Lady Alice for Mrs. Ross, to attend the sufferer; and then, for the first time, Olivia discovered that it was for Mrs. Mervyn and her son that the schoolroom suite had been relinquished, and that the singular woman who had betrayed such a remarkable emotion was the tenant of an apartment immediately adjoining her own temporary chamber.

It was some time ere the invalid could be recalled to consciousness; and her son accounted for the attack by saying that his mother had been in delicate health for many years, and that it was only of late that she had been well enough to go into company.

"It was evident," he added, "that she had miscalculated her own strength;" and as quiet and Mrs. Ross's skill were the best physicians in such a case, the patient was left to the care of the good housekeeper; but Olivia remained. Lady Alice proposed it, and Mrs. Ross gladly retained the services of her young favorite, while the girl herself felt a kind of half-reluctant pleasure in remaining where her curiosity had been certainly more excited than her interest.

After about half an hour, Mrs. Mervyn declared herself much better, and said that she should only want some one to watch by her while she slept.

"Let Olivia remain, if she will be so kind," said the sufferer, feebly. "It would soothe me for her to be here. I like her face."

This seemed a strange declaration, after the evident agitation it had occasioned; but Mrs. Ross, of course, was not aware of the antecedents of the attack, and Olivia readily consented to stay in the apartment till Mrs. Mervyn slept, when a maid could take her place. She fixed herself in a low chair within sight of the bed, and then, with the light of the shaded lamp

falling on her features, she rested for some time in silence. Then the invalid's voice suddenly came on the silent chamber.

"Olivia," she said.

The name sounded strange from such unfamiliar lips.

"I must call you by that name," resumed the invalid, with a sickly smile, "for I know no other. Come and sit by me; I want to talk with you."

Olivia silently obeyed, and drew her chair close to the bedside.

"Child," said the voice of the sick woman, in low and thrilling tones, "answer me when I ask you whence you come—what is your history? It is not impertinent curiosity, it is an overpowering impulse that makes me ask."

Olivia was perplexed. Strange, vague premonitions, that were but too natural under her peculiar circumstances, floated over her mind. To her, every slight incident, every word or look, that promised to give a clue to her history, was agitating. Wild fancies came in that dark, silent room. Had not her mother, or at least the being who appeared to be such, lain for years in a distant grave? Was it possible that it had been a delusion, and that this lady, so strangely agitated at her sight, her voice, could be her long-lost parent?

"Will you not answer me?" repeated Mrs. Mervyn, feebly.

"Yes," said the girl, at length. "Why should I not? There is much mystery and much misery, but neither shame nor concealment in my story. I was picked up—a foundling waif on a foreign shore; while one, who I presume was my mother, found a watery grave."

"And when?" said the woman. "When?"

"Many years since," replied Olivia. "I was then but a few months old, perhaps a year, so I have been informed—scarcely much older than that."

"And where was it?" said the lady, eagerly, "and who was your preserver? Speak, child—speak!"

"It was on the shores of Jamaica," said the girl, "that the wreck occurred which cost my mother her life, and left me nameless and nearly friendless on the world; and my preserver was the brother of the gentleman you seemed to know when he came to me in the drawing-room. It was Captain Algernon Dacre who saved me. Ah me! sometimes I think it was a cruel service, and that I had better have died ere I knew the meaning of sorrow or danger."

"Dacre!" repeated the woman. "Algernon Dacre! Merciful Providence! Can it be? It is indeed wonderful—fearfully wonderful!"

She spoke as if to herself, not to the girl; but Olivia's strained ear caught every word, every syllable.

"What!—why?—do tell me! In mercy tell me! Do you know aught of me—of my parents—my name—my kindred?" said Olivia. "If you have any pity, do not keep me in suspense."

The woman looked half scornfully on the eager face bending anxiously over her, and she laid her cold hand on Olivia's feverish palm.

"Hush!" she said. "I was wrong to excite your hopes. Child, how can I know you or yours, when I never even saw you or heard of you till this minute? It was but the coincidence of names and places, with old memories of my own, that thus agitated me. And so it was a Dacre that saved you? Strange, most strange!"

"Why?" exclaimed the girl. "Why? You are hiding something from me. Oh, why will you tantalize me thus cruelly?"

"Because it is more like a Dacre to take life than to save it," replied the lady, calmly.

"Listen, child; I cannot and I will not tell you more. I confess there are curious and exciting coincidences in your tale that, with the memories that your face stirred up, have deeply moved me. But, I know nothing, absolutely nothing, that I could be justified in repeating to you, and it is more than likely that the whole fancy is but the conjuring of a heated brain and a feeble frame. Now I will try to rest. Keep quiet for a little while, and then, if I do not speak, leave me, and send a maid. I dare not be alone to-night."

Why dared not the pale invalid be alone? Was it bodily or mental suffering that she feared? No one but herself could tell, as yet.

Olivia obeyed; she saw that it would be useless, cruelty, to urge her petition further. There was a calm decision in the tone and manner which forbade hope; and the extreme pallor and feebleness of the countenance warned her that health, and even life, might hang on quiet and silence.

Olivia had a wonderful power of self-control, even at that early age. And now, when her every pulse was throbbing with excitement, and the whole memories of the past had been opened up by that strange woman, she had sufficient command over herself to rest in motionless silence, and take every precaution for the quiet and the repose of the invalid.

It was a painful ordeal; and yet there was some relief from the blank monotony that had hitherto marked her life. Even disappointed hope would be better than the utter absence of any clue to the discovery of her birth; and she caught at the slender prospect thus held out by the stranger.

The acute intellect of the girl was not to be so easily blinded as Mrs. Mervyn seemed to imagine. She felt confident that something more tangible than the stranger confessed must have so strangely agitated her. If it were a mistake—if it were such a vague delusion and shadowy coincidence—then the lady was deranged, or worse.

The silence continued as these reflections passed through Olivia's mind, and she was scarcely conscious how long it had lasted. Then the voice spoke again.

"Olivia, who taught you to sing that song?"

"Do you mean that German ballad?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"I scarcely know," replied Olivia; "but Captain Dacre liked to hear it, and that made me sing it oftener; and now Lady Alice often desires me to let her hear it."

"Ah!" said the lady—"ah, is it so? Then I was not mistaken. Yes, Algernon Dacre might perhaps have strange, sad associations with that song. And did he make you sing it like that?"

"I do not know. I think it is the words and the music that teach me," said Olivia. "They speak for themselves."

"Child, you have a glorious voice," said the lady. "Do you know that it might be a fortune to you if it were trained to perfection?"

Olivia smiled. It was not to that stranger that she would unfold aspirations and fancies that had often occupied her solitary musings. And yet the words were not altogether unwelcome. Were they intended as a heaven-sent encouragement to her languid, half-crushed hopes?

"I must leave you," she said at length, seeing a crimson flush forming into two burning spots on the invalid's cheek. "I must leave you, or you will never compose yourself to sleep. I will come to you again in the morning, if you like."

Mrs. Mervyn looked questioningly at her.

"You promise?" she said.

"Certainly," said Olivia.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Mervyn. "Then go. Perhaps you are right; send a servant; that will certainly not tempt me to keep waking, unless my own restless brain chases away sleep. Good-night, Olivia."

She held out her hand, and the girl started at its very touch. The blood seemed to have tided back to the heart and brain; and, as she had said, there appeared little chance of the calm repose she needed.

It was late ere Olivia herself could calm the agitation of the evening's various excitements sufficiently to rest. But she was young and innocent, and the drowsy god had sealed her eyelids hours ere the suffering woman was wrapt in the same blessed oblivion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was surprising vitality, or else most superhuman self-control about Mrs. Mervyn; for when Olivia fulfilled her promise of visiting her early on the following morning, she found her already up, dressed in a wrapping-gown, and reclining on a sofa, apparently in an average state of health. She smiled when Olivia inquired with some embarrassment as to her recovery from the attack of the previous night.

"Oh, I am easily over-fatigued and excited," she said; "and then I am apt to take all kinds of nervous fancies into my head. I am afraid I gave you great alarm, poor child; and yet I can hardly regret a circumstance that made me acquainted with you. There, sit down; they are going to bring some breakfast here, and you must share it with me. I intend to remain quiet this morning, and get refreshed and strong for the grand ball and *fête* to-morrow."

"I am very glad," said Olivia, after a pause, "that you are better, Mrs. Mervyn; but I want you to tell me what you meant to say last night. I am sure you had some greater cause for fancying that you knew me, or something about me, than you confessed. Please answer truly. I can understand you, young as I am; and I can be content if you tell me that you do know something, but that you do not choose to say what you suspect at present. I will be very patient and reasonable, if you will only tell me the real truth."

Olivia's earnest, searching eyes were bent so pleadingly, and yet so keenly, on her companion, that Mrs. Mervyn's look fell beneath that subduing gaze. Then she seemed to have taken a resolution that relieved her mind.

She looked up with a more open and candid air than she had ever yet worn while speaking to the young girl.

"Child," she said, "you deserve at least better things than have yet fallen to your lot, and I will not be one to add to the bitter humiliation of a founding's fate; I will but simply assure you that I really, as yet, know nothing by which I can prove my sympathy with you. But listen, Olivia, and I will show you that I can appreciate your character by telling you the simple truth. I did fancy last night, in the nervous excitement of the moment, that I could trace some connection in your whole story, in the associations you called up, and the singular likeness you bore to one long since dead, with an episode of other years; but it is so vague, so indistinct, so involved with the interests, and plans, and fate of many, that I should be cruel and wicked both to you and to others were I to even give you a hint of the fancies that flit across my brain. Is this enough for you, Olivia?"

The girl's whole soul had seemed bent on every syllable that came from her companion's lips.

"I can understand you," she said; "I can well understand all you mean; and yet you must feel that you have said too much, not to say more. When is the doubt to be cleared up? What will you do to ascertain the truth? If you do feel for me the sympathy you profess, then at least you can imagine the terrible suffering that a hopeless suspense would occasion."

"I do, child, I do," replied the lady; "but you are too young to understand as yet that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and that deep plans, long-cherished schemes, and interests of far more weight than the feelings of a young and impetuous girl, may be involved in the secret of your birth. For myself, I can but promise you one thing: I give you one pledge for my truth. All that has been the purpose, the engrossing object of my life, for long years before you ever saw the light, is connected with the facts that you are eager to learn. It may be an idle fancy on my part. It may be that a heated imagination, fevered with the long, long brood-

ing on one subject, has turned everything to some bearing on that subject, even as diseased eyes see all in one color. But if I am right, then, child, your wildest imaginings could scarcely figure to yourself how your unsuspected existence may affect the fate and the purpose of those who never dreamed that you had drawn breath."

"And that is all?" said Olivia. "You will not give me even a period to look forward to—you will not let me know what is the probable time it would take—what are the steps that are necessary to test the fact?"

"No," said the lady, sternly, "I will not, because I cannot. It depends on causes and chances over which I have little or no control. Girl, if I were to set your young brain whirling—if I were to excite wild dreams in your heart, should I be doing well? Enough that I give you my word that it shall be searched out, for my own, even more than for your sake. It will affect my whole course of action, and it is little likely that I shall delay in the necessary steps to decide it. But it may be months, even years, ere it will be completely tested; meanwhile we shall meet again. Rely on it, I shall not lose sight of you till the truth is certain. Child, you are necessary to my purpose, if it turns out that my belief is correct. When you are older, you will understand that there is no better surety than self-interest for the fulfillment of a bond, whether that bond be given in writing or in words."

Olivia was silent for a while. Mrs. Mervyn watched curiously and earnestly that young, thoughtful face, as if studying the inner workings of the precocious character it betrayed. But it would have been difficult, even for one more familiar with the girl's character, to comprehend the thoughts and struggles that were teeming in the busy brain. At last she turned the full gaze of her soul-lit eyes on the expectant listener.

"I am very young in years, Mrs. Mervyn," she said, "but I am old in the solitary desolation which my position entails. There is but one friend whom I trust, and that friend has too many griefs of his own to be troubled with my doubts and perplexities. I must act for myself, and guard myself as best I may. So long as patience is all that can be expected of me, it matters not—I can command my own feelings and wait; but if you want more of me than becomes truth and honor, I warn you that I would rather remain in obscurity and poverty all my days than lend myself to the schemes and purposes of others."

Mrs. Mervyn looked in half-admiring astonishment at the "severity of that youthful beauty," and the keen insight and noble self-denial that this child-woman displayed. Hers was a character that could comprehend, and even respect, strength of will, when it militated against her own purposes. And yet more, she held as an article of creed that it was far easier to deal with a firm, decided will, than with a wavering impressionable nature.

"Spare your indignant alarm, my little Olivia," she said, smiling. "All that will or can be required of you is to assert your rights. You will neither be called on to play the part of a female Perkin Warbeck—of whom, I presume, your historical studies have made a bugbear to your girlish imagination—nor, indeed, will any other questionable effort of genius be asked from your hands. All that is necessary is for you to be clearly proved to be what you really are. And if, in that restoration to your just rights, you happen to do some service to those who help you in regaining them, I presume you have no reason to complain."

Olivia laughed and shook her head, with a flash of girlish gaiety that rarely illumined the features of the founding.

"I am not quite so selfish or so disinterested," she said, "as to grudge any crumb of benefit to my friends, or refuse to accept my due, because it might in some way take from others what they have usurped. But it is all so vague and incomprehensible to me as yet, that I can only strengthen myself in my resolve never to purchase the greatest possible benefit by doing wrong. The temptation might be strong, but I will never yield to it."

Mrs. Mervyn could well interpret that open, straight gaze that was so unflinchingly bent on her face. She saw that she was mistrusted, and by a mere girl, just emerging from childhood. It was a galling lesson; but she had too powerful motives for self-command, to indulge the irritation she felt.

"So be it, little Puritan," she said; "and now, Olivia, I am weary, and must take a few hours' rest to fit me for this night's gala. But, remember, that before I leave here I shall give you my address, in case of emergency; and, whatever happens, we must never lose sight of each other till I am fully satisfied as to the justice of my suspicions. But for the present, all I ask at your hands is, that you will give me the most exact statement in your power of the name of the wrecked vessel, and the place from which it was bound; and also tell me, is there no relic, no mark by which you could be identified, in case of testing your parentage?"

"Very little," replied the girl; "sadly little. Captain Dacre, or perhaps my old guardian, Mr. Abdy, could give the particulars you want of my first great sorrow. As to the marks of which you ask, they are scarcely of any value. My clothes had no mark on them, and I had but one piece of jewelry on me. It is this cross."

She drew it from the concealment of her dress, in which it constantly lay, and Mrs. Mervyn examined it eagerly; but no sign by which it could be distinguished from numbers of others was visible to the quickest eyes. It was but a plain, massive gold cross, in the form of a Maltese, rather than the ordinary shape of such trinkets. The ring by which it was suspended was of extraordinary thickness—but that was its sole peculiarity; but just as Mrs. Mervyn was returning it to the girl, and Olivia's hand extended to receive it, the small mark,

noticed by Mrs. Ross on the previous day, caught Mrs. Mervyn's sharp eyes. It was, as usual under any excitement, unusually red and defined. She bent over it for a moment; then she raised her head and laughed.

"The crescent and the cross," she said. "You are well defended by spells, my dear, natural and artificial. There, that will do—that will do. I am inclined to think you might be identified, in case of need, even by that heathen little sign. Now run off; I must try to rest."

Olivia quickly obeyed; indeed she longed to be alone. She wanted to reflect on what she had heard; she wanted to analyze the real character of that singular woman, and the degree of credibility to be attached to her promises and her statements; and the review left her more bewildered and dissatisfied than before. She distrusted—utterly, and yet apparently without cause, the motives that prompted the interest in herself.

Olivia could scarcely have defined why; but there had been a fierce gleam, like the flash of a rocket, in the pale face, and a velvet-like, tiger softness in her whole manner, that had conveyed, unwittingly, a sensation of fear and doubt to the young girl's mind.

"Oh, if I could but see Captain Dacre," she thought—"if I dare but tell him. But no—he has far too many anxieties and griefs, and I am selfish to be thus engrossed with my own fears and hopes, when he has left me, as it were, a trust for him. No, it is past now. I will think only of him till he is happy. My life should be given for him, were it necessary."

She returned to her school-room, and, as usual, vented and soothed her troubled thoughts by the rich melody of her voice.

TYING INFLUENTIAL INHABITANTS TO THE COW-CATCHERS OF LOCOMOTIVES, IN FRANCE.

THE idea of strapping a railway director, or some other influential inhabitant, in front of the locomotives, was boldly proposed some weeks ago, by a Prussian officer, as a means of preventing wandering bands of *Francs-Tireurs*, seeking to harass and annoy the enemy, from throwing trains of cars, containing Prussian war *matériel* and provisions, off the track, but was not carried into effect until quite recently.

We illustrate this week a scene which occurred on the arrival of a train, a few days since, at Orléans, when that city was occupied by the Prussian army under Von Der Tann. Securely but comfortably strapped to the cow-catcher was the form, of aldermanic dimensions, of a wealthy merchant of that city, who had in this manner made a journey from Orléans, two days before, on a train conveying war *matériel* to the army of Prince Frederick Charles. As regularly, it is said, as a train of cars departs from or arrives at any depot in the hands of the Prussians, just as regularly does the portly form of some wealthy and "influential" citizen adorn the square space in front of the smoke-stack.

CANVASSERS AND LADY VOTER.

THE elections, in each of the ten divisions of the metropolitan district, of a proportionate number of members of the London School Board, took place on the 29th of November last. The entire board consists of forty-nine members, and every rate-payer had a right to vote.

Females, therefore, as well as men, could exercise the elective franchise, if householders or rate-payers, provided they were either spinsters or widows, married females being denied the privilege. Ladies appeared in large numbers at the polling-places, and found no difficulty in depositing their ballot.

In London, three ladies, who have long been known for their efforts in literary, educational and medical undertakings, were elected members of the Board.

Our engraving illustrates a scene of much perplexity and humor. A wealthy lady, whose time is so occupied in superintending the affairs of her household that she scarcely knows the month of the year, much less the importance of the election about to take place, is waited upon by three active canvassers, each desiring her vote for his particular candidate. There are three wise and active heads, an abundance of pamphlets and papers, and a line of clever argument to convince the innocent hostess that, unless she votes for John Smith, the entire educational system of Great Britain will be completely destroyed. Such consequence, such power, the venerable votress has never conceived, and she opens her eyes with much of the expression of Mrs. Nickleby when simultaneously entangled in the wiles of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck. The canvasser on the lounge is laying down the law with forcible earnestness, at which one of his companions bites his pamphlet fiercely, and thrusts a hand into his pocket, believing that what he fails to gain by talk he can secure by money. The third is evidently pleased at the success of the first, and all are determined to make the occasion as startling as possible. Her fearful responsibility flashes upon the matron with a suddenness that brings out her astonishment, and makes her wonder how long these things have been.

And all for a vote for John Smith.

CHILDREN SEIZED AS SPIES.

THE successes of the Prussian troops have been due, to a very great extent, to the remarkable system of espionage employed for service within the French lines. It is quite generally admitted that French territory was pretty thoroughly explored by Prussian emissaries, previous to the declaration of war. A long series of circumstances has made this apparent to French officers, and led to the exercise of unusual vigilance on the part of their sentinels. Corre-

spondents of newspapers have been arrested on suspicion of being spies of the enemy, and even Frenchmen themselves have been apprehended by their own countrymen in mistake. Marshal Vallant, while studying the fortifications of Paris from the ramparts recently, was surrounded by a crowd, and only rescued from a lynch execution by the interference of the *Gardes Nationaux*.

A short time ago two little boys were arrested while walking hurriedly through the streets of Tours, and conveyed by an armed escort, followed by a large party of compassionate ladies and gentlemen, to the Mairie, for examination as to their nationality, pedigree, and mode of living. The children had undoubtedly been prompted to the walk by a curiosity to see the soldiers and listen to the music of the bands. Yet, fearing they might be precocious, and acting under express orders of the advancing Prussian commander to learn how many troops were about the fortifications and the location of weak points, they were treated as full-grown spies.

NEWS BREVITIES.

A PARIS rats costs fifteen sous.

FLORIDA now makes brandy of oranges.

THERE will be fifty-three Sundays in 1871.

THE great lakes cover 130,000 square miles.

THE globe rejoices in over twenty republics.

BOSTON prepares for a huge woman's rights fair.

RICHMOND contemplates a monument to General Scott.

MASKED fiends have been outraging Sumner County, Tenn.

THE United States are netted with 50,000 miles of railroad.

TROY, N. Y., anticipates an extraordinarily fine art-exhibition.

UNCLE SAM has made a thousand mitrailleurs in six months.

PRINCESS LOUISE and Lorne lately sang in a concert at Balmoral.

EIGHT foreign diplomats at Washington have American wives.

CABLE messages to Europe have advanced to \$1.50 per word, gold.

A SHOWER apparently of blood lately fell at Sulphur Springs, Texas.

A SALE of ready-made coffins took place at Lincoln, Neb., December 7th.

THE debt of Boston has increased since 1867 nearly \$300,000 per month.

A RAGPICKER killed by a Cincinnati car on the 7th December was worth \$15,000.

ONLY 19 out of 148 Senators and Representatives in Washington keep house.

ILLINOIS has twenty-nine coal mines operating between St. Louis and Du Quoin.

SCIENTIFIC men conclude that large tracts of the United States are available for tea-culture.

TEN winters' snows, but no slab or monument, have been laid upon Ellsworth's grave at Troy.

THE telegraph operators' donation of a statue of Morse, for Central Park, N. Y., is ready for casting.

THE Philadelphia Cruelty to Animals Preventive Association now admits women to membership.

THE copyright of "Home, Sweet Home," the well-known ballad, lately fetched, in London, \$2,216.

THE city fathers of Baltimore have effected a coup; 132,401 infants have come to light since the census.

FOURTEEN persons were killed in an accident on the North Midland Railway, England, December 12th.

At the marriage of Señor Roberts, the Spanish Minister, the altar was got up to resemble a flower-garden.

TROCHU writes to the Pope that he will make it his next duty to restore the triple crown to the Holy Father.

JERRY DUNN, the murderer of "Logan No. 2," was convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, December 13th.

THE engineers of the North Pacific road have discovered inexhaustible veins of coal in the valley of the Missouri.

MISS THOMPSON, ordained at the Michigan Universalist Convention, is the most graceful woman orator in the country.

THIRTY-THREE ladies of Vassar have become Bachelors of Art. They are afraid to marry lest it should invalidate the degree.

COLUMBUS, O., has just sent her City Council on an extended tour through New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington.

"LADY THORNE" has the "pin-hin," and will race no more; but she remains valuable as a breeder, and will usually bear a Thorne in her side.

A COMPANY has been formed in England to lay a new Atlantic cable. The Earl of Dudley is chairman, and five out of twelve directors are Americans.

MRS. GRANT declines the leadership of American fashion. She never had a dress made in Paris, and her bill, instead of \$12,000, amounted to \$418.

THE English "Queen" mentions an ingenious new night-clock, arranged in combination with a lamp, so that the hands travel over the illuminated globe.

MRS. JAMES F. BALDWIN, of Boston, leaves \$15,000 to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. "Were there no beggars at her gate, nor any poor about her lands?"

THE proposal to erect a \$75,000 soldiers' monument in Boston has been objected to by one Post of the Grand Army, and \$50,000 will be given to the city orphans instead.

THE Philadelphia Union League gave its first art reception December 8th. There was a throng of fashion, and many contributions from Philadelphia artists, the chief picture being a large scene by Knight, something in the style of Carl Becker—"Othello in the House of Brabantio." Two other receptions, in which the contributions will not be exclusively Philadelphian, will be held during the winter.



FRANCE.—BOURGEOIS OF ORLÉANS BOUND TO A LOCOMOTIVE BY THE PRUSSIANS, AS A GUARANTEE AGAINST THE FRANCS-TIREURS.—SEE PAGE 267.

CHALONS FOURTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ATTILA, King of the Huns, who ravaged Gaul,

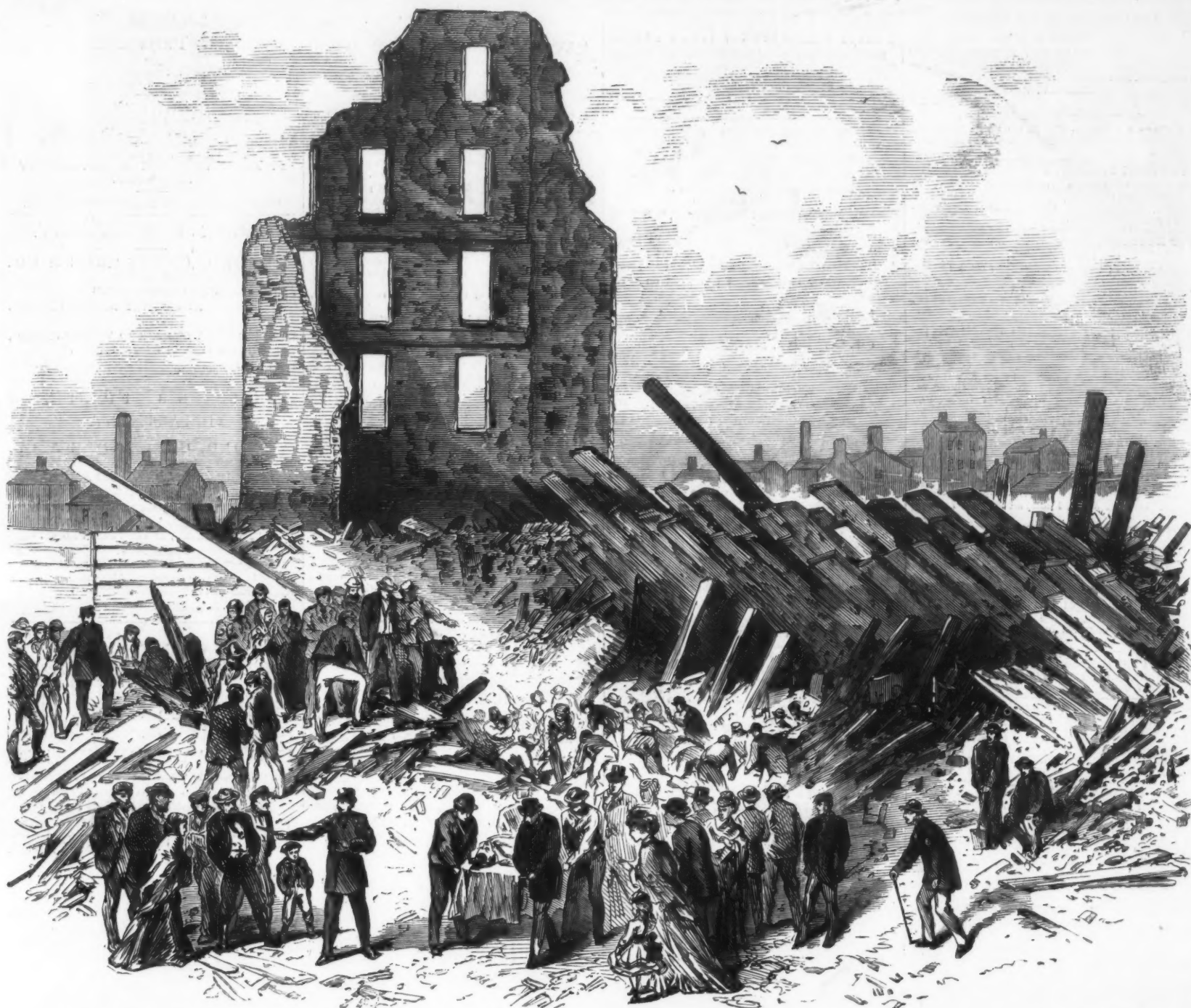
and was defeated at the battle of Châlons, died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast plain in three coffins, the first of which was gold, the second silver, and the third iron.

With the body were buried the spoils of his enemies—harness enriched with gold and precious stones, rich stuffs, and the most valuable articles taken from the palaces which he had pil-

laged; and, that the place of his interment might not be known, the Huns put to death every person, without exception, who had assisted in making the grave.



ENGLAND.—THE ELECTION FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD: CANVASSING A LADY VOTER.—SEE PAGE 267.



NEW YORK CITY.—FALL OF THE UNFINISHED PIANO-FORTE FACTORY AT NO. 523 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET—EXTRICATING THE DEAD BODIES FROM THE DEBRIS.—SEE PAGE 263.



MR. JAMES M. MACGREGOR, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT FOR THE SURVEY AND INSPECTION OF BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO.



FRANCE.—CHILDREN SEIZED FOR PRUSSIAN SPIES, AT TOURS.—SEE PAGE 267.

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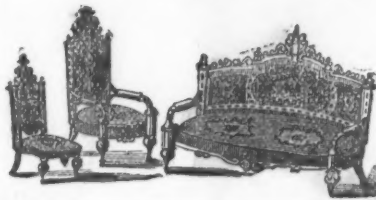
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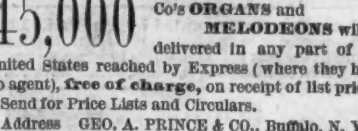
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